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More Of August
StagMate
Martha Redford
On Page 21
(Special Color Section)

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VOL. 25, NO. 8

AUGUST 1974

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WE ARE THE MIDWEST'S LEGENDARY "PIMP PATROL" 12 ▶ To infiltrate and bust up the vicious flesh market running wide open, she had to play hooker, while I was her "daddy".

THE MAFIA STOLE MY BRIDE 14 He was between two kill-crazy Mafia factions—one had his girl; the other wanted her.



16 FIRST-NIGHT SEX TECHNIQUES THAT WORK BEST "That first time, I'll knock myself out to let him know I'm doing something I don't do with every guy who comes down the pike."

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NIGHT OF THE RATTLERS 38 ▶ We'd spent the whole fishing trip at each other's throats until torrential rains turned the Tugaloo into a flooded-out snakepit, forcing us to forget everything else but survival.

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STAG is published by MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT CO., INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1974 by Magazine Management Co., Inc. All rights reserved. 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Vol. 25, No. 8, August 1974. Price: 75¢ per copy in U.S. and in Canada. Subscription rate: \$13.00 and \$13.50 respectively for 14 issues (including annual) including postage. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and all manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVES: Kalish, Quigley & Rosen Associates, Inc. 667 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021, 11955 Montana Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90049 and 221 No. La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois 60601. Printed in the U.S.A. Cover girl photograph courtesy Transworld Features Syndicate, Inc. Posing for by paid, professional models.

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Have you got what it takes to handle a responsible position in the great and growing hotel, motel, resort industry!

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STAG CONFIDENTIAL.....

INSIDE FOR MEN

While 65% of all women are virgins at marriage, over 90% have seen and touched a penis. Most have engaged in necking and heavy petting to the point of mutual mas-



"Technically" Virgins

turbation, with 25% admitting to having experimented with oral sex...

NEWEST INDUSTRIAL HAZARD TO BE DISCOVERED HITS MEN IN THE PLASTICS INDUSTRY. EXPOSURE TO VINYL CHLORIDE LEAVES THEM WIDE OPEN FOR RARE TYPE OF LIVER CANCER. EXTENSIVE TESTING NOW GOING ON TO CONFIRM THE STATISTICAL EVIDENCE...

The number of men earning over \$100,000 who paid no federal income tax rose from 276 in 1971 to 402 in 1972. And 99 whose incomes topped the \$200,000 mark also paid zero...

WITH FOREIGN-BASED U.S. EXECUTIVES FAIR GAME FOR TERRORIST KIDNAPING, THERE'S A MAD RUSH TO GET INSURANCE COVERAGE THAT WOULD PROTECT AGAINST POLITICAL HOSTAGE-TAKING...

Wife-swap devotees report a new twist to their mix-and-match variety of sex. Where husbands won't go along with a foursome deal, wives of the two couples involved have often worked out this arrangement: the two women will spend the night with each of the husbands separate-

ly--one night in one house, the next night in the other. Men like it because they have the women to themselves with no feeling of having to "compete" sexually...

With 150,000 elephants still roaming Kenya, and the expected danger of the herds being decimated by drought never materializing, hunters will be permitted to shoot 600 elephants a year. Of the 600, 450 will be reserved for foreign sportsmen...

OVERWEIGHT MICE LIVE HALF AS LONG AS THOSE OF NORMAL POUNDAGE, BECOME SLUGGISH, STERILE AND OFTEN DEVELOP DIABETES. IN ADDITION, THEY HAVE LITTLE OR NO SEX DRIVE. HUMANS--TAKE NOTE...

Hard-working executives are more likely to be impotent than their employees. As a result, they will play the field and enter into numerous extra-marital affairs in an effort to recapture the sexual excitement needed to stimulate them...

OUTSIDE THE LAW

RIISING CRIME RATES GIVING ADDED IMPETUS TO DRIVE TO BRING BACK CAPITAL PUNISH-



Death Penalty Sought

MENT IN ALL STATES OF THE UNION...

Shoplifters in self-service discount stores across the country walked off with a billion dollars last year--about two-and-a-half percent of annual sales--which added a whopping \$21 in price in-

(Continued on page 42)

when I planned to retire before fifty

this is the business that made it possible

a true story by John B. Hailey

Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.



"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it on less than \$1000 of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise

offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount—less than \$1000—and that amount I could borrow. I could work it as a one-man business while getting a start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop rent or other overhead. For transportation I could use the trunk of my family car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) But, best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume I could build. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And, I could build this little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it *lifts* out the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture

fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for over \$40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start for less than \$1000. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

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YOU ASKED ABOUT SEX

By HERMANN K. WOLFF, Ph.D.



1. I'm a 21-year-old housewife with a 7-month-old daughter, and I'm afraid to talk to my husband about something. As a teenager, I was in a correction home and had



sex with another woman. Now I love my husband and enjoy sex with him, but I also crave to have sex with another girl. My husband has said he hates lesbians. What can I do?

J.G., Pennsylvania

You might sound him out about three-way sex, involving him, you and another woman. If he doesn't go for it, your only choices seem to be sneaking a lesbian relationship or going without one.

2. I am 24, my girlfriend is 19. A short while after we started having intercourse regularly, she asked me to use a vibrator on her—because she can't come during normal intercourse. Is there any danger she will become dependent on the device and therefore never able to climax normally?

R.L., Ohio

Sexologists have found that a vibrator usually helps rather than hinders development of a woman's ability to climax during intercourse. By all means, use it!

3. I've been dating this girl for several months and have thought seriously about marriage. But a couple of weeks ago, something weird happened; we were having an argument, and I put her over my knee to spank her. It really turned her on, and she gave me the lay of my life. Now she keeps asking me to do it again. I can't help worrying that this is perverted and will interfere with our marital happiness. Am I right?

B.D., Wisconsin

"Perversion" is a philosophical concept, not a scientific one. If she enjoys being spanked, I know of no valid psychological reason not to spank her.

4. Are there positions that help prolong intercourse?

M.J., Connecticut

Most couples find that lying side by side or with the man on the bottom makes sex last longer. The usual "missionary position"—man on top with his legs between the woman's—usually is the worst for making the act last.

5. If you can't get a girl to have intercourse when you're alone, is it a good idea to take her to a wild party where lots of people will be carrying on?

T.P., Montana



Most girls who are reluctant alone would be even more reluctant in a crowd. But if you've tried every-

thing else, go ahead—the worst that can happen is nothing.

6. Is it possible for a man to be potent with his wife but not with any other woman? What is the explanation of this?

L.G., Vancouver

Extramarital impotence is one of the more common varieties. Most likely it's the result of guilt feelings



about infidelity or of anxiety about being unable to perform satisfactorily with the new woman.

7. I've seen ads for an artificial vagina that can be used when you can't find a girl. Are these things any good?

O.P., Mississippi

Men who have used them report that they're slightly better than manual masturbation, but certainly no substitute for the real thing.

8. Is it true a girl will enjoy sex more if you squirt champagne into her vagina beforehand?

P.T., Ohio

It's a new one on me. I'd think you'd be better off having her drink it!

9. Is there any way I can tell if my girl-

(Continued on page 56)

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Joe Weider—Dept: 16-84F, 55 Maple St., Norwood, N.J. 07648

LAST

LAUGHS



"Well, Sakor, we made it to land. What do we do first, set up some sort of distress signal?"

The starry-eyed new couple beamed into the push boat. So enraptured were they by their desire for one another that the world could have collapsed around them and they would not have noticed it. Then, at last they were behind closed doors.

"Oh, darling, darling," she sighed passionately.

"Dearest, love of my life," he panted, "how I've waited for this moment. And then—in a sea of sexual ecstasy they consummated their marriage.

A few minutes passed, and then the groom felt a hand tapping him on the shoulder while a voice said, "Uh, excuse me buddy.

"Wha—what?" the groom said dreamily, and as he looked up, he saw a crowd of people standing by. "Hey, what are all you people doing in our room?" he thundered.

"This isn't your room, buddy," the man who had tapped him on the shoulder replied, "You're in the elevator."



It was the new intern's first day in the maternity ward, and he wished to familiarize himself with the patients. "When do you expect your baby?" he asked one of the women.

"September 8,"

"And how about you?" he inquired of the next woman.

"September 8," came the reply.

The woman in the next bed was sound asleep, so the intern asked the occupant of the neighboring bed, "When is this lady expecting her

baby?"

"I don't know," the woman answered. "She didn't go on the company picnic."



A retired Army officer met his former orderly on the street one day and hired him for the same job the orderly had done for him so many years in the Army. He told him that he could start exactly like he used to, by waking him up every morning at seven.

The next morning, at seven o'clock sharp, the orderly strode into the retired officer's bedroom, shook him into wakefulness, and then leaned over and spanked the officer's wife on the back side, saying to her, "All right, baby, it's back to town for you."



An attractive college girl attended a revival meeting and was caught up in the fervor of her surroundings. "Glory, hal—ah!" she shouted, leaping to her feet. "Yesterday, I was in the arms of Satan, and today, I'm with the Savior."

Came a masculine voice from the rear: "What are you doing? Move w—

While attending an engagement party given by his friends, the young man boasted of his past sexual exploits. "You know," he declared, looking over the assembled guests, "I've slept with every girl here—with the exception of my sister and my fiancée."

"That's interesting," his friend replied dryly. "Between the two of us we've had them all."



"I must insist on knowing one thing," said the groom as he lay beside his bride in the darkness of their honeymoon suite. "Am I the first man to sleep with you?"

"You will be, darling," answered his bride, "if you dare off."



In the darkness of the almost empty theater had only the corner of a face so passionately that the man's toupee slid from his head. Groping to find it in the darkness, he reached under his date's shirt.

"I've got it," he said, slightly peeved.

It was the fellow's head. "I put it on the side."



"I'll flip you to see who opens."

**Undercover
Adventures
Of A Vice Squad
Man-Woman Team**

**WE ARE THE
MIDWEST'S
LEGENDARY
"PIMP
PATROL"**

as told to
HAL NORMAN



To infiltrate and bust up the vicious flesh market running

GOD WAS GOOD TO ME the night he handed me Phil Slater on a silver platter. A squad car, answering a disturbance complaint in a building where half the tenants were prostitutes, found a hooker named Doris Haley lying in a pool of blood on the floor of her apartment. Her face had been used as a punching bag, her nose was broken, some of her teeth were scattered over the rug, and her right cheek bone was fractured. She also had a broken arm.

If there was any doubt to who had worked her over, it was cleared up in the emergency room of St. Luke's hospital. Her breasts were crisscrossed with razor slashes—they were Phil Slater's signature.

Twice before he had mutilated, in the same

manner, the breasts of girls who had wanted to leave his "stable" for another pimp. The women involved were all too frightened in the end to press charges, and Slater got off. My interest in that sadistic sonuvabitch dated from that time more than a year ago.

Doris Haley was one of Slater's girls. When she saw herself in the mirror after the stitches pulled her face back together, she became raging mad.

"Mad enough to swear out a warrant for his arrest?" the Captain asked her.

"You bet your sweet ass!"

When the Captain handed me the warrant, I could have kissed him. My partner, Kathy McDowell, did it for me.

We didn't have

(Continued on page 64)



By the time we were called in, the whores on Peacock La. were terrified.

Behind one girl's mirror, a camera was recording everything for blackmail.

Massage parlors were the plums. "Managers" raked in 75% of all "tips."



If any prostitute refused "protection" her next john convinced her.

Some pimps held their women with sex. Driscoll bought all of his girls with dope.

A backup crew made the arrests once we'd gotten enough evidence.

wide open, she had to play hooker, while I was her "daddy."



He had started it, but he could feel Julie picking up and increasing the pace with her internal rhythm. Her breathing changed, becoming faster as her hips gyrated in wilder patterns. Almost primitive in their demands. They drove at one another with such intensity that their bodies started to clear the bed. Nails ripped at the flesh of his shoulders as she moaned with each new thrust. She arched her back and they ended in an aching pause.

Then suddenly there was the sound of shattering glass and splintering wood and they were there. Four of them. All moving closer to the bed and all carrying guns. The tall one with a nose that looked like it had come out second best in a bar fight, gestured with his revolver as he spoke.

"Get your clothes on sweetheart, we're going for a little ride."

Chuck sprang from the rumpled sheets. "Who the hell—"

The hood

(Continued on page 56)

MAFIA KIDNAP

By ERNEST T.

Art By Earl Norem

He was squeezed between two kill-crazy mafia factions—one had his girl, the other wanted her. And neither would hesitate to wipe him out if he got in their way.



As Chuck rode the big Merc block through the doors, Lo Bianca's men began blasting.



FIRST-NIGHT SEX TECHNIQUES THAT WORK BEST

By DR. JANE CALDER

H E REALLY WORKED hard at pleasing me. Before we made love the first time, he massaged my clitoris for about half an hour. I practically had to pull him on top of me to get him to have intercourse.

"While making love he kept asking if it felt good, and whether I was comfortable, and would I prefer it if he moved a different way. He didn't ejaculate until 45 minutes after we started—and I think he would've held off even longer if I didn't take orgasm. Then a few minutes later he started massaging my clitoris again.

"As I told you, we made love four times that night. I was exhausted midway through the second, but he was trying so hard to please me I couldn't bring myself to say I didn't dig what he was doing.

"I suppose many girls would give their eye teeth for a superstud like that, but I frankly can't hack the pressure of his kind of high intensity sex. After that first night in bed, I stopped seeing him. It's a shame, because he was really a nice guy. Under

other circumstances, I could've grown to like him a lot.

The speaker's Mariam is a 25-year-old waitress. She is one of several dozen women I asked to describe "memorable" sex experiences with a new man. (An experience might qualify as "memorable" because it was good or because it was bad.)

Interestingly, my respondents' bad first-night experiences outweighed their good ones by more than three to one. Equally interesting, 84 percent of the women who had been turned off by a guy their first time in bed never slept with him again.

But most interesting of all were the reasons men displeased their partners. Predictably, the standard complaints of roughness, lack of concern for a woman's feelings, too much haste, and too little genuine affection were amply evident. But in many other cases, the reverse was true: men tried *too hard* to please, and in the process made the experience distinctly unpleasant.

What,

(Continued on page 46)



Ingen chief of Bawan, and me.



A witch doctor



Typical house.



Jmy with a funeral dancer



Jmy hauling a canoe on the Kalang River



Doll used at witch doctor's child-healing ceremony



Chief Ohharok and me, after our "marriage."

MY LIFE WITH

TRUE BOOK BONUS



A child's casket.



Towah, Panggul's mother, and me.



Sapundu, a statue of a dead person.



Rounding up pigs for blood sacrifice.



Dyak girl with deer head for dinner.



Sasham and me on the morning after our brother-sister ritual.

THE HEADHUNTERS

Fifteen of us began the journey, only half walked out months later—wasted by malaria, starved to the point of eating our own clothing and haunted by terrifying Dyak blood rituals.

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE

"THIS DYAK VILLAGE We stop!"

It was the night of our third day in search of Borneo's Dyak headhunters. Panggul, our Dyak guide had been squatting on the helm of the boat for hours, his hands dangling loosely over his knees when suddenly he had stood up and yelled that he'd spotted the village.

The old engine gave a clunk and stuttered to a stop. We drifted a moment, listening to the current of the Mentaja as it tugged us downstream until we hit something soft. Panggul leaped over the side of the boat and disappeared, leaving us wondering what to do.

The mudbanks rose fifteen feet straight up on both sides of the boat, and the village of Sapiri clung like a piece of river fungus to the top of the closest bank. Camouflaged by the jungle, cemented into the jungle, the only telling that it was there

company us into the village in civilian dress if they were permitted to hide pistols under their shirts. The remaining eight flatly refused to go.

We sat down to wait further news from Panggul. As we waited the air filled with the edge of some cutting fear, a fear of an unknown and unfamiliar thing.

Hours dragged by.

The men sat on the floor and tried not to look at each other. Some of them smoked and the others just stared ahead without seeing. I could hear the pounding of the man's heart sitting next to me, and my friend Sjam's breathing had become hard and irregular.

We had just about resigned ourselves to the very worst, when a terrifying noise broke out of the village of Sapiri, splitting the jungle air wide open. The noises sounded like natives howling and sometimes yipping until the cries turned into the shrilling screams of wild beasts. Then there was a thudding sound on the ground made from the pounding of bare feet. More cries came, wailing cries, and still more stampeding bare feet ran over the mud-packed earth, and all the while the sounds were coming closer to the boat.

The men looked at each other with wide eyes, bewildered and puzzled and a few jumped to their feet, grabbing their guns as they rose. A clenched fist shot through the window of the houseboat and the cardboard popped and collapsed. The wooden bars were sent to splinter in all directions.

Panggul's face poked itself against what was left of the window frame. His cheeks were bright red as though raw and the rims of his eyes were shot with blood streaks. There was a shiny, milky liquid on his mouth, and a few drops of it coursed their way over his chin and onto his already wet shirt. His eyelids drooped nearly half shut over his wide-set eyes, and he had great difficulty keeping his face centered in the window. He put his hands against the boat to steady himself and squeezed his eyes together apologetically.

"Please to forgive. I drunk with *tuak*." He addressed no one in particular. *Tuak* proved to be a remarkable beverage. But I was to learn that later.

When the screams finally subsided a little, Sjam whispered to Panggul that only two soldiers would be going with us into the village, and she asked if there were any dangers.

(Continued on page 88.)

MY LIFE WITH THE HEADHUNTERS

was to see one tiny roof top jab its point through the growth.

Panggul abruptly appeared where the jungle parted a little and he cupped his hands around his mouth and yelled, "They have funeral tonight. You all invited!" And then he disappeared again.

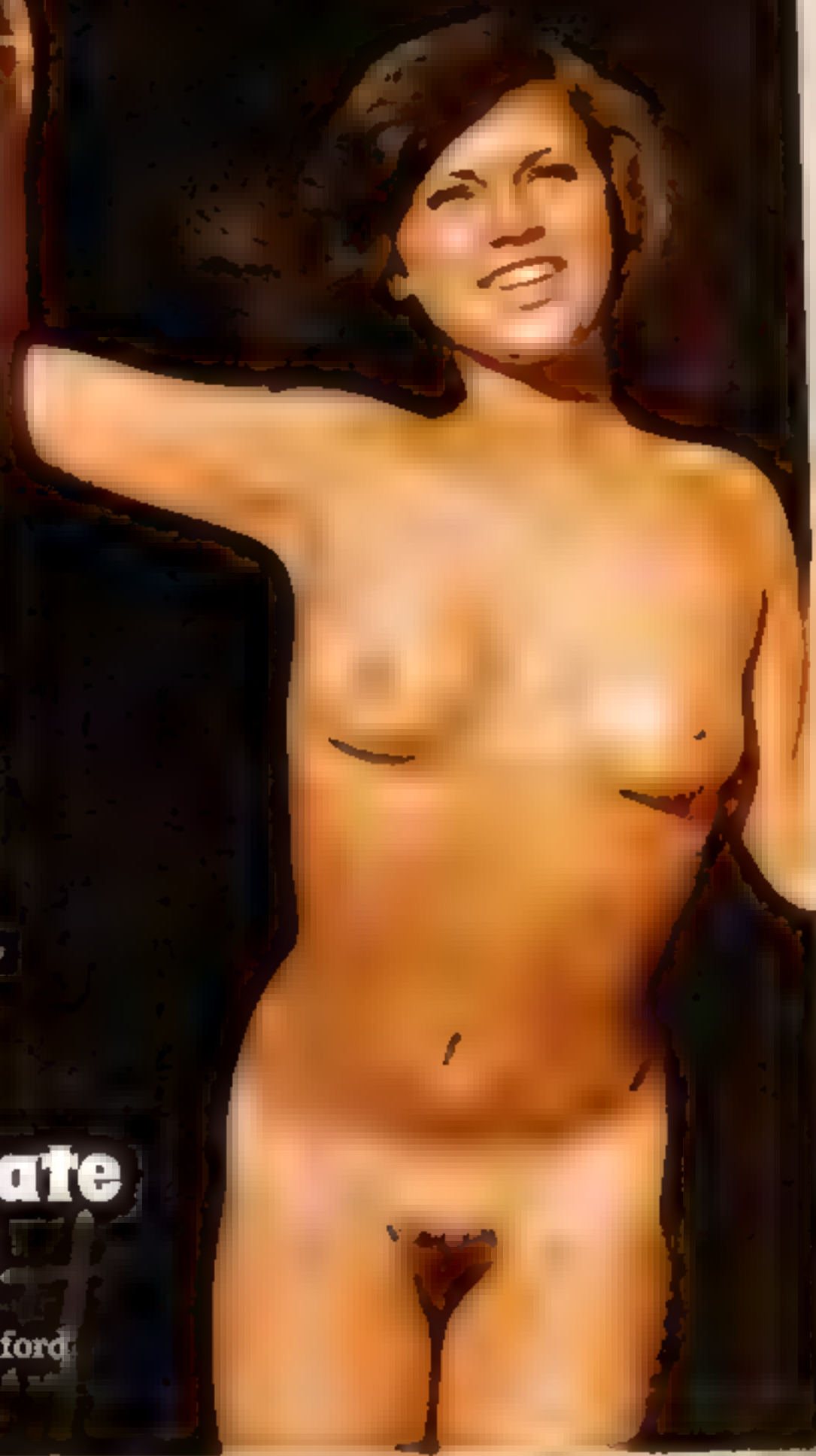
This bit of news spirited the escort into becoming worried men. They worried themselves with their minds and they worried each other with their eyes and then they worried everyone with their clothes. They changed into full uniform, pulled on their paratrooper boots, cursed at the laces, and then slapped helmets on their heads.

All of them fixed bayonets at the ends of their rifles.

One of the soldiers forced a piece of brown cardboard against the barred window to cover the opening, and then sentried himself behind it. He peered out through the sides whenever he thought he heard something.


This soldier and one other agreed to ac-

"I Remember Martha"

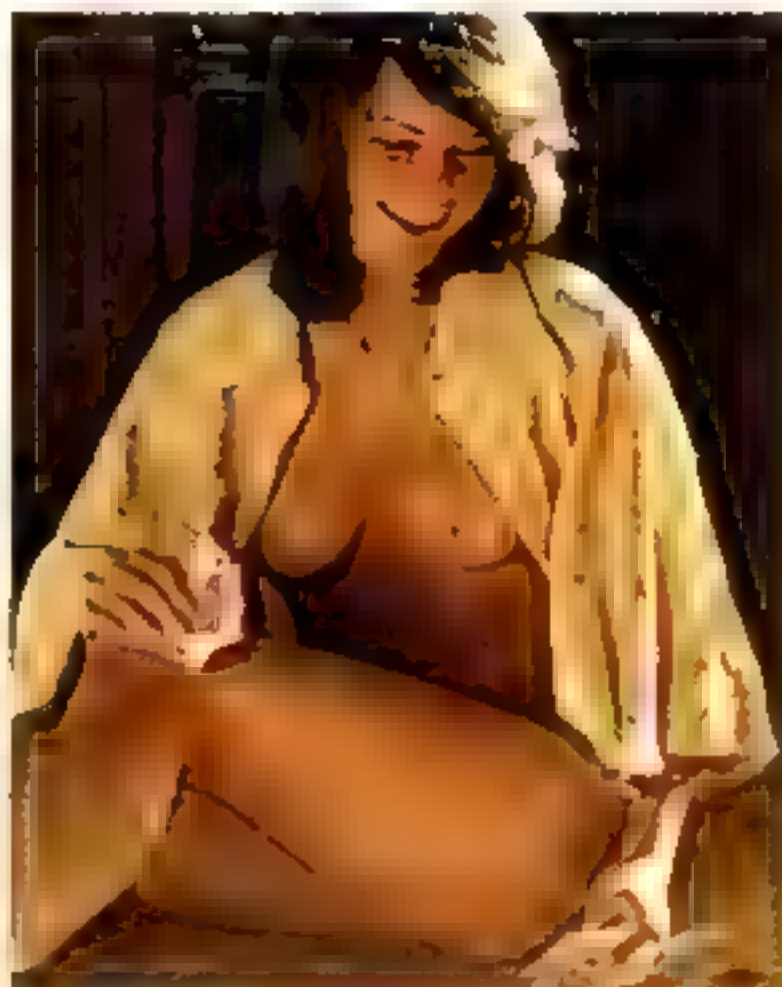
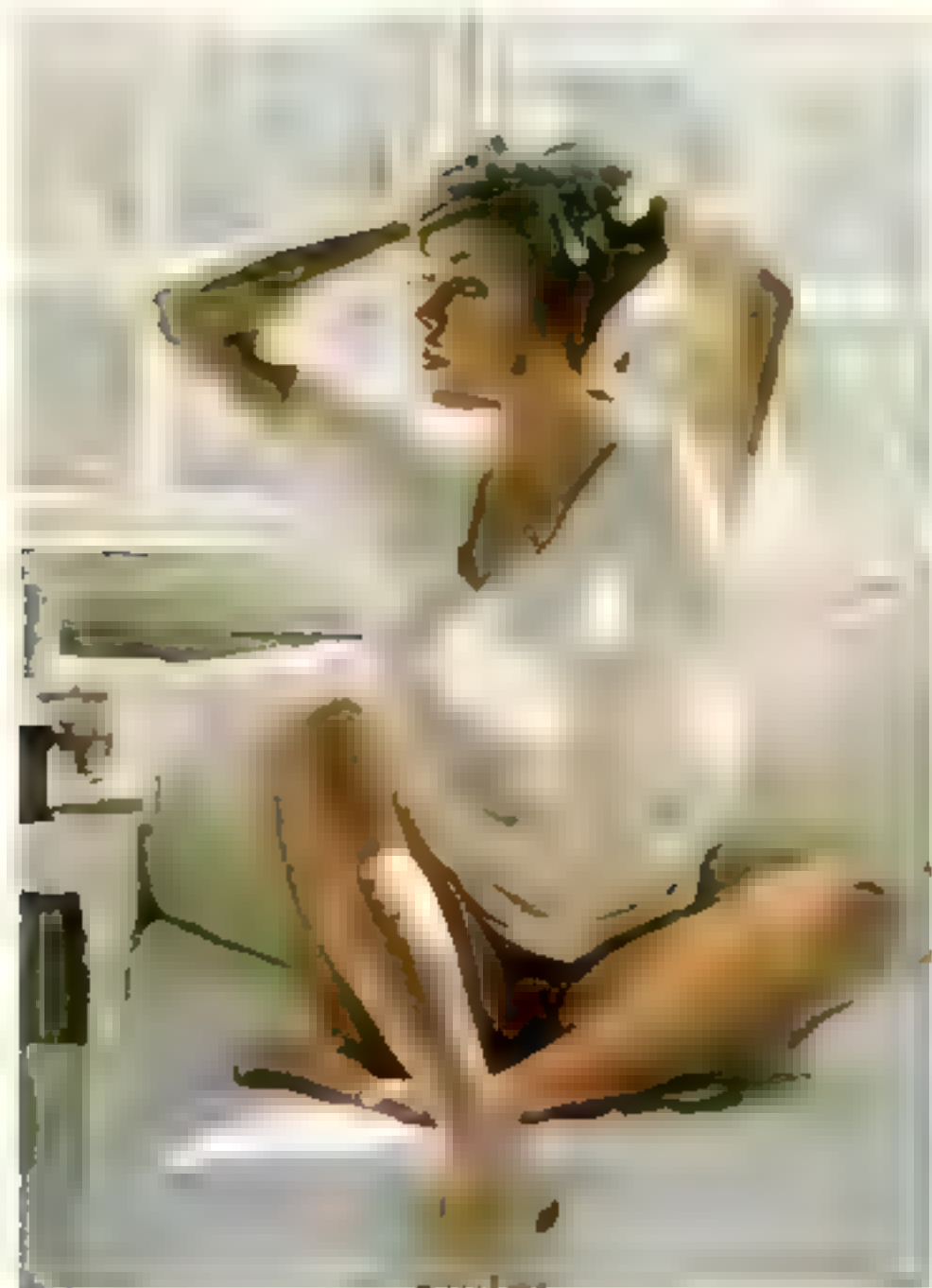
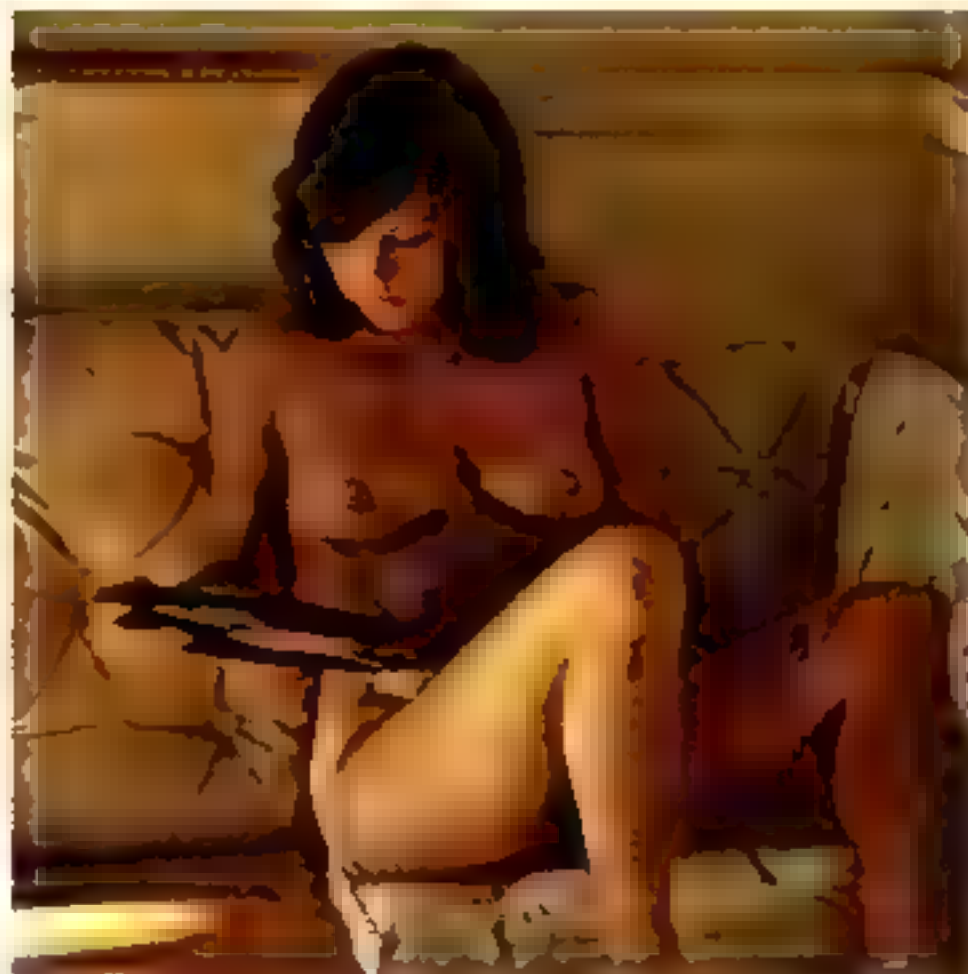
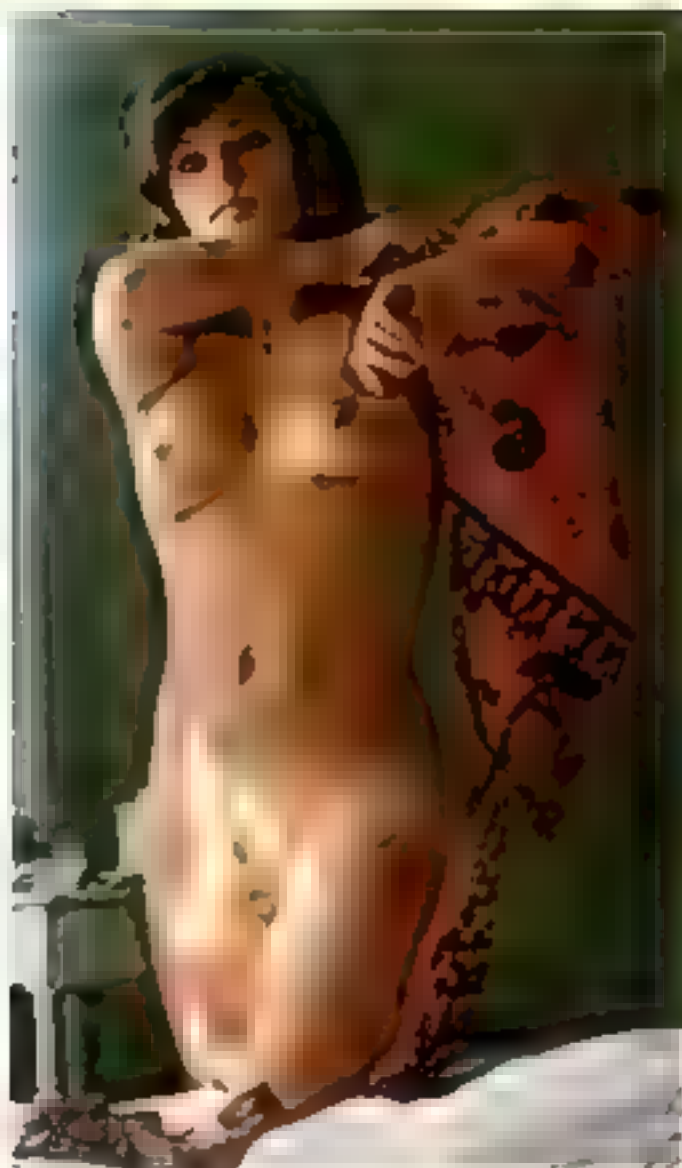


stagnate
no.1

Redford




It was nothing but beautiful," says Texas-born Viet vet, Torry Wakelin, now. He's talking about the week he spent last year with model Martha Redford as a present from his local Junior Chamber of Commerce, symbolically celebrating the return of all G.I.s from Southeast Asia. "For seven days we were together. I enjoyed every minute of it; I think she did too. I mean, we didn't do anything really special. The first day, we went on a picnic and she was just like a little girl, running around barefoot and laughing at silly things. And it was strange; I'd always thought models were all too sophisticated to just plain have fun, but not Marty.





...the first dancing
the second night. She
looked super chic, but
when the slow music came
on, she snuggled up and
it seemed like we'd been
dating for years. That's
one of the nicest things
about her: she makes you
feel no one else in the
world exists but her at
that moment. The next day
I went out with her on
a modelling assignment.
I would have been fascin-
ated anyway, but all through-
out the shoot she kept look-
ing over at me and making
comments out of the side of
her mouth. She had the place

A woman with dark, curly hair is lying down, resting her head on her hand. She is wearing a white, lacy top. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey. The lighting is warm and intimate.

in stitches. To her modeling is a job she works hard at, but she takes a lot more pride in other things, like her cooking. And that's what we did on our last night together—stayed home and she fed me a fantastic home-cooked meal. You're probably wondering what happened on the 4th, 5th and 6th days Answer: things that don't belong in print. Things between Marty and me. I promised her they'd stay that way . . .

THE FIBERGLASS BUCCANEERS— No one knows when or where it actually first happened. The dark rainy night last fall on eastern Long Island is as good a pinpoint of time and place as any. . . . A darkened powerboat moved slowly into a marina where scores of good boats were awaiting haulage into winter storage. . . . Men carrying nylon tow lines leaped from her onto two 30-foot sailboats still in the water. . . . A few quick hitches. . . . A couple of chops at mooring lines with hatchets. . . . Minutes later the two sailboats were moving out onto Long Island Sound tethered behind the power vessel, some \$35,000 total just disappearing into the night.

Sailboat piracy. . . . It was, is, almost an inevitable spinoff of the Arab oil embargo then shaping up against the U.S. Someone was correctly anticipating a big demand in used sail. Some pleasure powerboats burn a gallon of fuel for every mile they travel. Sailboats burn none, except perhaps getting in and out of their berths.

The men of the Suffolk County Police Marine Division spotted the theft for what it was right away. Said one leathery sergeant: "When you have two boats stolen at once. . . . Couple that with the oil embargo everyone knew was coming. . . . Here, we knew there were going to be sailboat thefts. The only question was, when would they begin."

Multiple thefts of sailboats, obviously for resale, have since been the rule rather than the exception along the East Coast this past winter and spring. In Newport News, Virginia, the new buccaneers set what still stands as the first triple play. They carried off three twin-keel English imports on the boatyard's own trailers.

Brand new or second hand; it does not matter. As long as it is fiberglass and as long as it is sail. Indeed certain class vessels such as Pearsons and Gibsons command almost as high a price used, as they do new, even in normal times. To foul up tracing and

detection, stolen boats are trucked far from home for resale. Two pirated from New York recently turned up in the Bahamas.

"The multiple thefts can mean only one thing," says a Florida Coast Guardsman. "Someone's out there taking orders from potential buyers and then going out and stealing to fill them. We're beginning to get a smell of Mafia. . . . There's always been some theft, but this is rustling, whole herds at a time. I'm willing to bet that maybe one boat in every 30 sold this summer may be stolen goods."

100-PROOF OINK— Once upon a time there were seven little pigs. One pig was king. The other six pigs did as king pig did. For example, when king pig splashed down in the mud in the corner of his pen, the other six splashed down too, always in the same order, each one's chin covering the tail of the pig ahead, in order of social importance. The last pig, pig seven, was always out in the cold, however. No chin covered his hams.

One day the research team at the University of Missouri-Columbia served the pigs cocktails; vodka and orange juice. Pigs just love vodka and OJ.

When the king drank, everybody drank like, well, pigs. And, Holy Hamhocks, what changes took place.

The alcohol wrecked the status porcidermis. The king belched and sat on the other pigs. Other pigs belched and sat on other pigs, all out of the original neat order. And when king pig finally rolled over and shook his fat feet at the sky, not all other pigs rolled with him. Crafty pig three, ". . . drank very little and became king pig. The king pig drank so heavily that he lost his status within 24 hours," reported biochemist Myron Tumbelson.

But quality will prevail, and once a king, always king. Came the morning after and its monumental hangovers. King pig challenged pig three. There was a snout-to-snout wrasse. King pig retook his muddy throne. And king pig has not touched a drop since.

Not so with the other pigs. Pig six became heaviest boozier of all. Said Tumbelson, "Apparently he is frustrated about his position and has resorted to drink." Pig six was too far from the top and not far enough up from the bottom to feel comfortable.

The bottom. Surprisingly, the only other non-drinker besides king pig was the pig on the bottom, pig seven. And here, once more, as above, pig mirrors man and man mirrors pig. Men low on social and economic ladders are frequently men with little or no need for drink to make things seem better. Like such men, "Number seven known he's last," said Tumbelson. "And he has accepted that."

GOOD VIBES— She was one of those tall lovely California girls with long legs up to her shoulders. You knew this because she wore nothing but a tray of phallus-shaped vibrators when she greeted you at the door of the Big Sur beach house. "Everybody



INFORMATION



take one," she said. "Get out of your clothes in the bedroom upstairs. Then join us down here in the den. Fresh batteries in bowls on the tables inside. . . ." Here she grinned wickedly. ". . . In case yours should hopefully go dead from excessive use."

Thus opened another episode in the newest thing in California group sex: The vibrator orgy.

The rules are simple and almost self-evident. Instead of using drugs or alcohol or pornographic films to turn each other on, naked people run around the house poking at each other with battery-powered vibrators, the ordinary \$1.98 novelty store kind, blue for boys and pink for girls.

There are significant differences between a vibrator orgy and other orgies, say the men and women who were at the Big Sur beach house that night. From the point of view of a Monterrey construction supervisor: "I'm usually a one-climax-a-night man. I'm drained after one go because when I go, I really go. . . . But look. With a vibrator doing the work for me, I'm in business all night long. It's like having a robot penis. I can stimulate any number of women right to the screaming brink with the vibrator then polish them off with the real me in a few seconds, without having to keep at it long enough to bring on my own climax. . . . You know what an ego trip that is, satisfying maybe six, eight women a night? . . . And then when I'm ready, I pick a woman I really dig, throw away the Goddamned vibrator and let myself go."

From the point of view of a San Francisco nurse, veteran of more than a dozen vibrator orgies: "There just aren't any male penises that can do what a vibrator does. I mean, what man can vibrate his penis a thousand times a minute? I had five going at me at once the other night. You name the part of my body. A vibrator was there. When I finally did go over the

top the straight way with one of those men. I was so nuts I almost hip thrust him over the deck railing into the ocean down there."

THE PHANTOM SNACK BAR— The thing was 40 feet long, all chrome and plastic and carrying the latest in popcorn and ice cream making hardware. It came into Da Nang on a freighter in winter 1966. There it was transferred to a coastal vessel with other cargo for the U.S. Army post exchange in Saigon. The PX beer and razor blades and candy bars got there. The snack bar did not.

Thieves. It was gone. Gone the way of so many things that winter in Vietnam: Cases of champagne dropped from ships to skin divers bubbling below. A dozen GI trucks driven from a freighter to, phfft, vanish. A Huey helicopter, supposedly dismantled then reassembled in a garage in Saigon's Chinese ghetto (where it is said to still be today).

But unlike these things, the snack bar is not gone and not forgotten. That it was stolen by the Communists is without doubt. It has been seen often in service of Communist troops:

● The first time: During the 1968 Communist Tet Offensive, feeding Vietcong guerrillas on a back



street in Hue, a rolling field kitchen pulled by a team of six Honda motorcycles, also presumed stolen.

● Twice on pontoons on rivers facing the Communist side of the DMZ, feeding troop concentrations along the shores.

● The phantom snack bar was reported blown up in a low level bombing raid just before the Armistice in winter 1973. This kill is unconfirmed and unlikely. The phantom has since been reported again in the field serving communist troops (a total of a dozen sightings in Cambodia and Laos), staffed by pretty girls dishing up rice and noodles and fish piping hot from the griddles.

It is said that the demand for popcorn is high—hot, with lots of butter and salt.

I'M A LOVE TEACHER AT L.A.'S "ACADEMY OF SEX"

as told to ALEX AUSTIN

"I've tried a lot of sexual surprises in my day, but I never thought I'd hear a man call me 'Professor' after he'd finished haling me."

The speaker is Marge, a twenty-year-old call girl. Together with seven other girls, she works in an establishment that advertises itself as the Ivy League Academy of Sexual Learning—only one of a growing number of such sex academies that are sprouting up in the Los Angeles area.

Exactly how do they operate? What courses are offered to men who wish to further their sex-

ual educations?

According to Marge, "In our academy, we give courses in just about any kind of sex a man is interested in. Like some men ask me to show them how their wives should perform *pedicure* on them."

I'm sort of the oral sex professor here, I play. I teach other courses too. But I've a special talent, easily as good as Linda Lovelace's in 'Deep Throat.' I get a lot of new business by word of mouth. I hope you don't mind the pun, I throw in a few words of instruction here and there that they can pass on. (Continued on page 81)

"I get a kick out of playing 'professor' and showing a man how to master any sex technique he's interested in, but my biggest thrill is giving my best students their final exams."

OPEN
MON. — SAT.
NOON — 9 A.M.
CLOSED — SUN.

HOLLYWOOD SEX CENTER

PHONE
[REDACTED]

SUITE "B"

THE 2ND DOOR BACK

ACADEMY OF SEXUAL LEARNING

LET OUR SEDUCTIVE
AND ATTRACTIVE NUDE
GIRLS TEACH YOU
THE ART OF SEXUAL
INTERCOURSE

IF YOU COME ONCE YOU'LL
COME AGAIN AND AGAIN

PRIVATE ROOMS ALWAYS

SUITE "C"

THE 1ST DOOR BACK

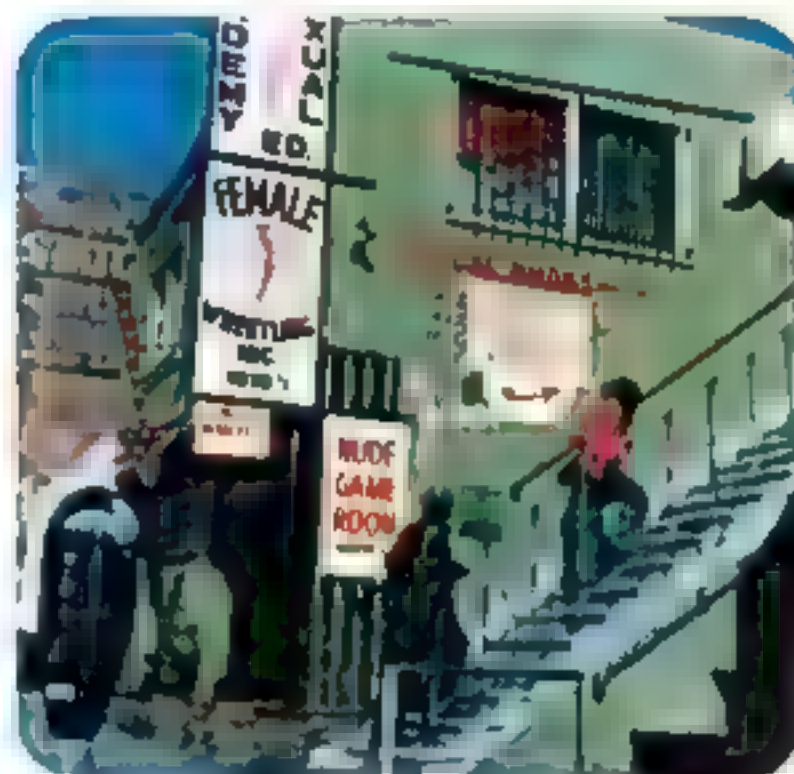
THE NUDE GAME ROOM

OUR BEAUTIFUL
COMPLETELY NUDE GIRLS
WILL TEACH YOU THE
GAME OF YOUR CHOICE
IN A PRIVATE ROOM.

BRING A FRIEND AND
THE THREE OF YOU OR
WITH ANOTHER GIRL THE
FOUR OF YOU CAN PLAY.

TRY IT. IT'S THE NEW THING.

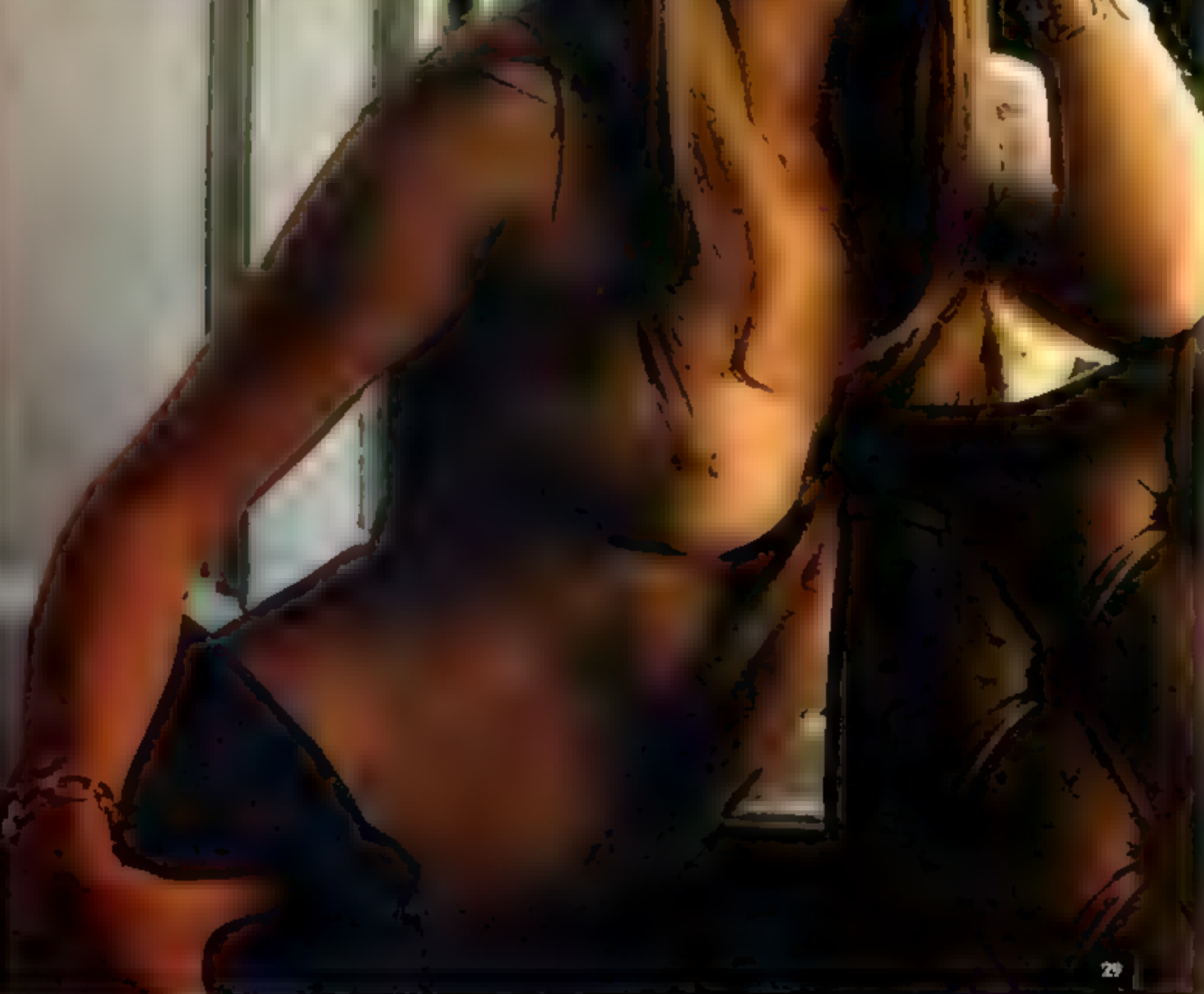
Sex center leaflet reflects the most explicit approach to sex-for-sale since the redlight districts flourished in New Orleans French Quarter

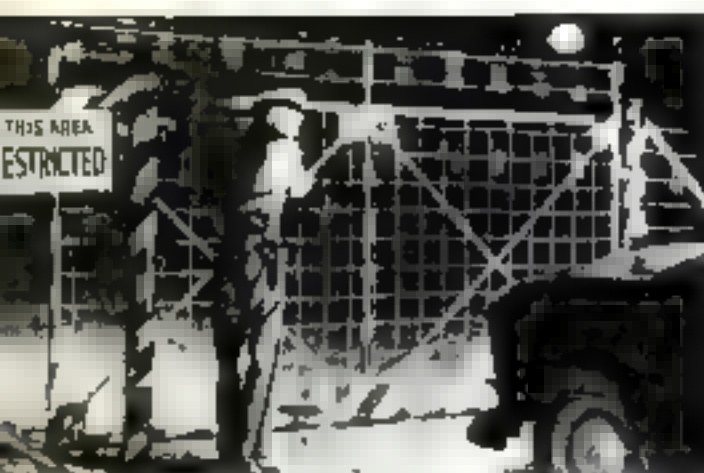


One "school" holds its meetings in a motel which provides a heated indoor pool for its athletic program



fronting on a Hollywood street, one very profitable sex academy has two floors of "educational suites"

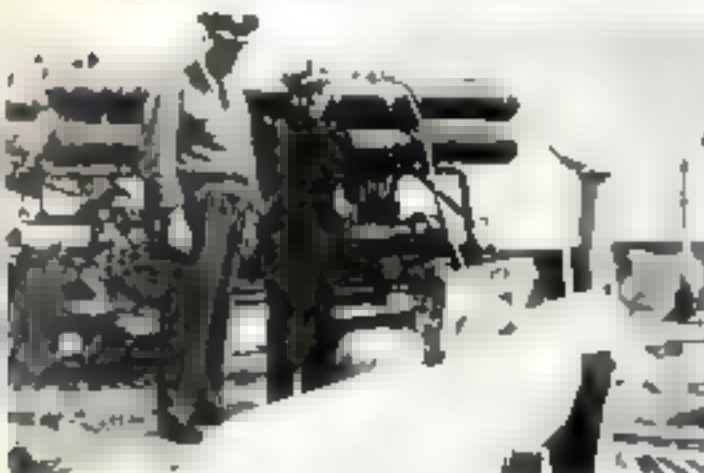




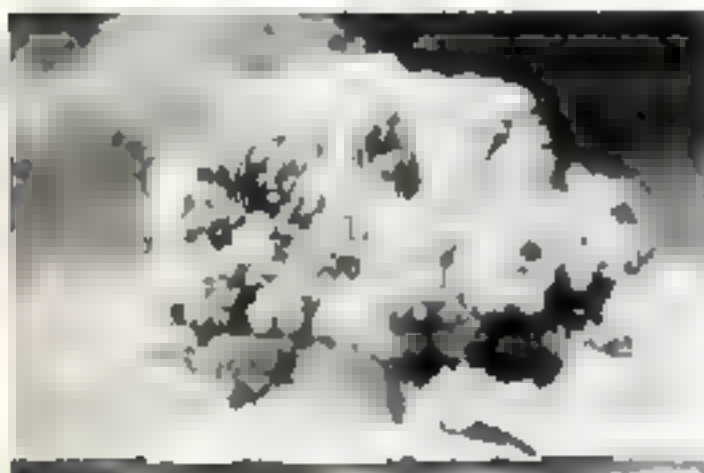
Security at private nuclear installations is all too often dangerously haphazard



Popular worries about radiation leaks obscure the big problem—nuclear pilfering.



A general and an admiral inspect recovered 20-megaton bomb Air Force "lost" in 1966.



Total holocaust of A-bomb would force compliance with nuclear blackmail terms.

THE GREAT MAKE-IT- YOURSELF A-BOMB SCARE

"With terrorists and fringe groups better and better organized and the numbers of stockpiled nuclear weapons mushrooming, it's no longer a question of whether the big rip-off is coming—but when."

IN OCTOBER, 1970, something terrifying happened down in the balmy, quiet city of Orlando, Florida. It started when the Chief of Police received an anonymous, handscrawled note.

The writer of the note claimed to have a hydrogen bomb in his possession, which he was going to set off unless he received a cool million bucks and safe passage out of the country. To back up his claim, the country's first nuclear blackmailer included a sketch of his 'weapon.'

As incredible as all this sounds, no one laughed. In fact, the chief got on the phone straight to Washington. High Air Force officials were consulted.

Finally the verdict: if the blackmailer had a weapon like the one
(Continued on page 80)

**ATOM-THEFT CURB
URGED IN REPORT**

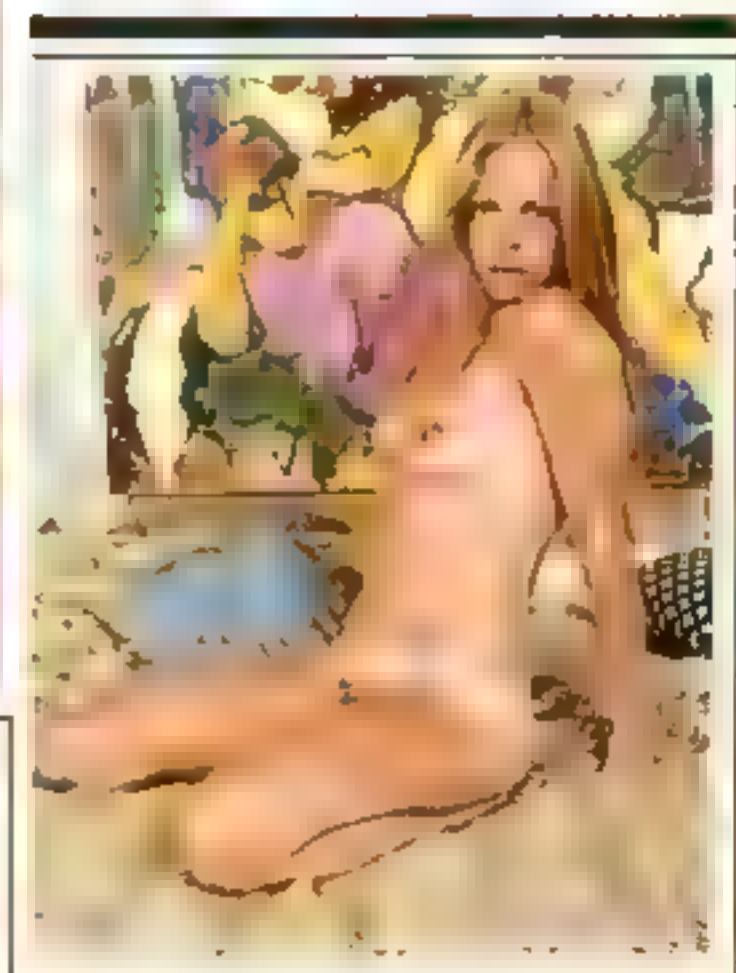
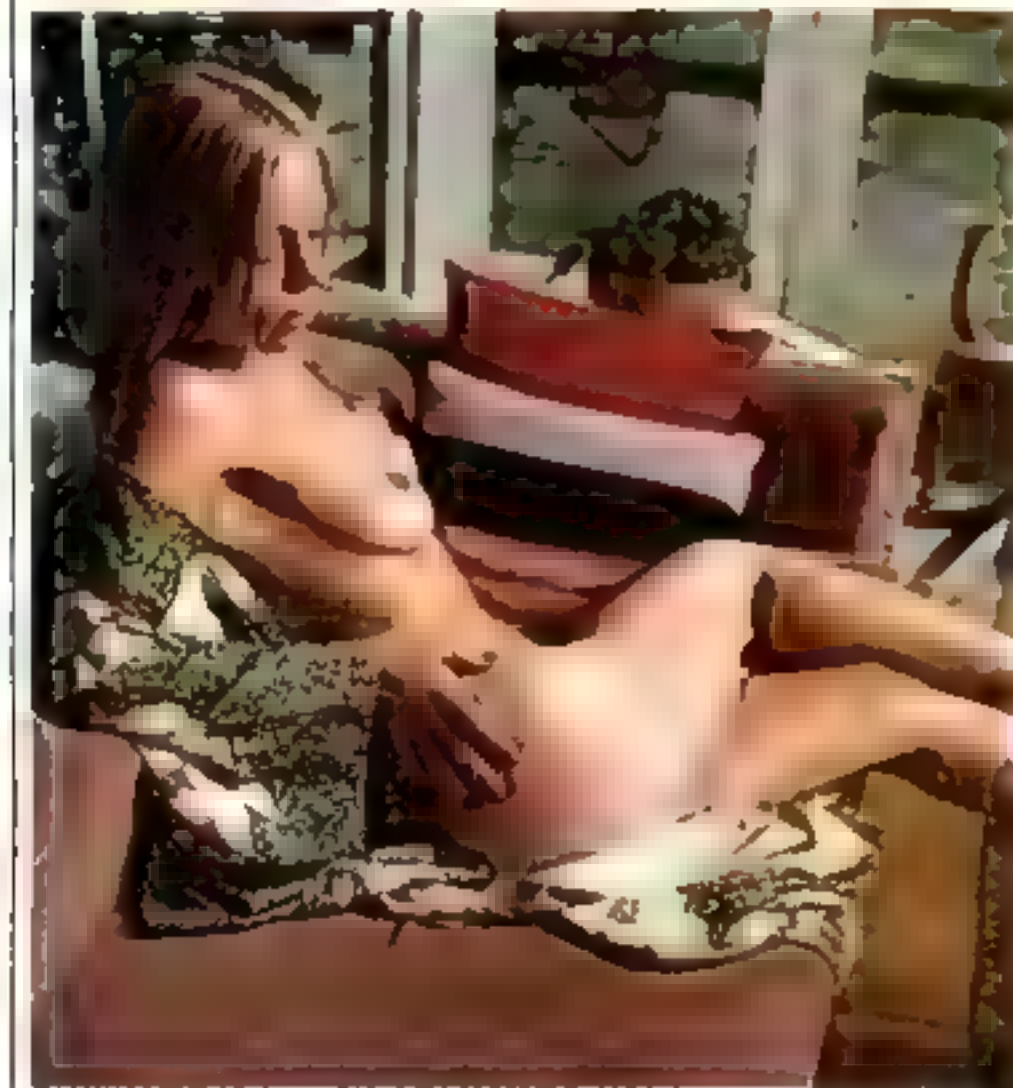
Ford Fund Study Warns of
Society's Being Blackmailed
by Builder of a Bomb

By EDWARD C.
WASHING

The WASHINGTON



12-to-8 Night Shift



stagnate no.2

Silkie Tanner

It's not what you'd expect, is it? The name, I mean. 'Silkie Tanner' just doesn't seem to go with what I do." What Silkie Tanner does, is pull down the midnight to eight shift as a night nurse in one of L.A.'s private hospitals. The hours are her own choice. Silkie confesses to being something of a nightbird and those long, quiet late-night hours fit her after-midnight soul.

Anyway, I think
nighttime is when
I can do my pat-
ients the most
good. You know,
make them more
comfortable, help
them get some
sleep. Of course,
I know I also
keep some of
them awake halfway
through the night,
but I haven't
had any com-
plaints yet."



By GENE WEBBER

We called him MGB. He drove this gleaming little yellow MG, model B with wire wheels whenever he made his deliveries to our River District. MGB was really Willie Crane, a mistit high school dropout like the rest of us. Unlike the rest of us, MGB was making about a thousand a week profit for himself.

MGB was a drug pusher.

His wealth and car and obvious success also made him something of a folk hero to the local kids.

We decided to put an end to his fame and fortune in the River District that May 3, 1975. By we I mean Claw-Claw Pig, Chauncey and me, Gene Webber. It was to our common interest to do so.

MGB was parked on Water Street on this day waiting for his retail people to come pick up their consignments. "Hi," he said as we boxed in his

War-scarred and battle-hardened, they were Viet vets explosive with an anger that cared for nothing and no one but each other. They ruled the river district like huns until the night they went one step too far.



I BOSSED INDIANAPOLIS'
THE "SATURDAY NIGHT

car with our motorcycles. "If there's something you want, say it. If there's not, blow, okay? People get very nervous when they see you Saturday Night Special cats hanging around my car."

He did not look at us as he spoke. He was cool and quiet. It was important to him to come on like a cool dude pusher from Chicago.

I leaned from my saddle into his car and shut off his noisy, race-modified engine. "Hear me, Willie, and hear me good."

"The name's" (Continued on page 72)



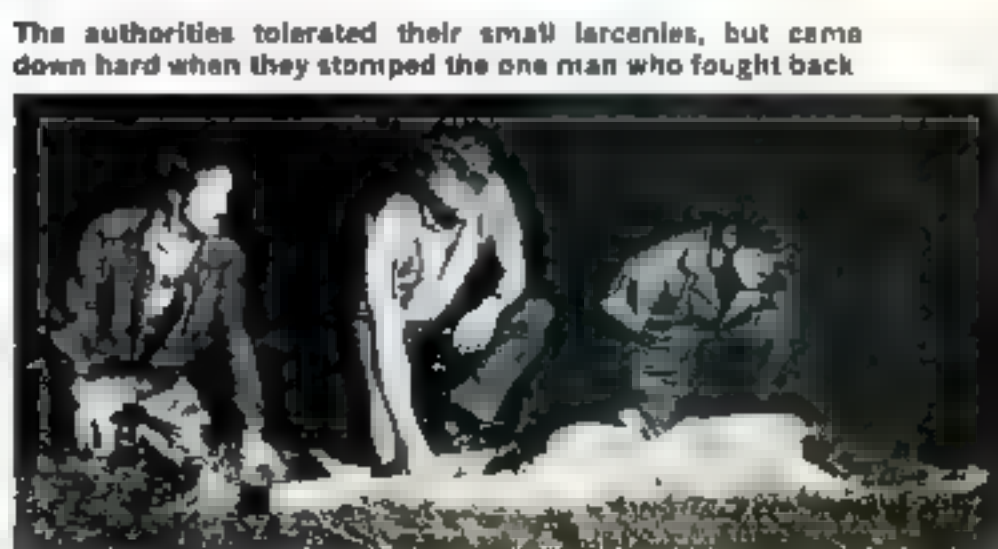
When they first moved into the river district, they had to take the territory by force from the gang who had held it.



Part of a girl's initiation into the gang was to help a male member on one of the midnight hit-and-run warehouse heists.



In addition to police harassment, the Saturday Night Specials had to worry about being attacked by irate citizens.



The authorities tolerated their small larcenies, but came down hard when they stomped the one man who fought back.

TERROR GANG: SPECIALS"



Going, going, gone. There wasn't much the driver of this rig could do once his load of roofing shifted after a curve but cut it loose



Smoke filling the room behind him, Chicago fireman makes it to window gasping for air. Photo was taken during attempt to kill fire that engulfed 2 buildings.

STAG'S BIG PICTURE

Like Lady Godiva astride her valiant steed, this girl streaks Austin U. on shoulders of a friend.



Writhing in pain, journalist Dennis Cameron tries to put out flames on both legs and an arm. Ordeal was the result of an artillery attack in Cambodia Cameron had been covering for ABC news.





According to the movie "Teenage Sex Report", a gynecologist's life is a lot of play and not much work.

Guns drawn, San Diego police go after men who managed to take down two cops before being bagged.



THE RAIN pounding on the roof all night had almost numbed me to sleep when something in the cabin didn't feel right. It was one of those gut feelings. And in the last five years—ever since I learned I had it in Vietnam—the instinct never steered me wrong.

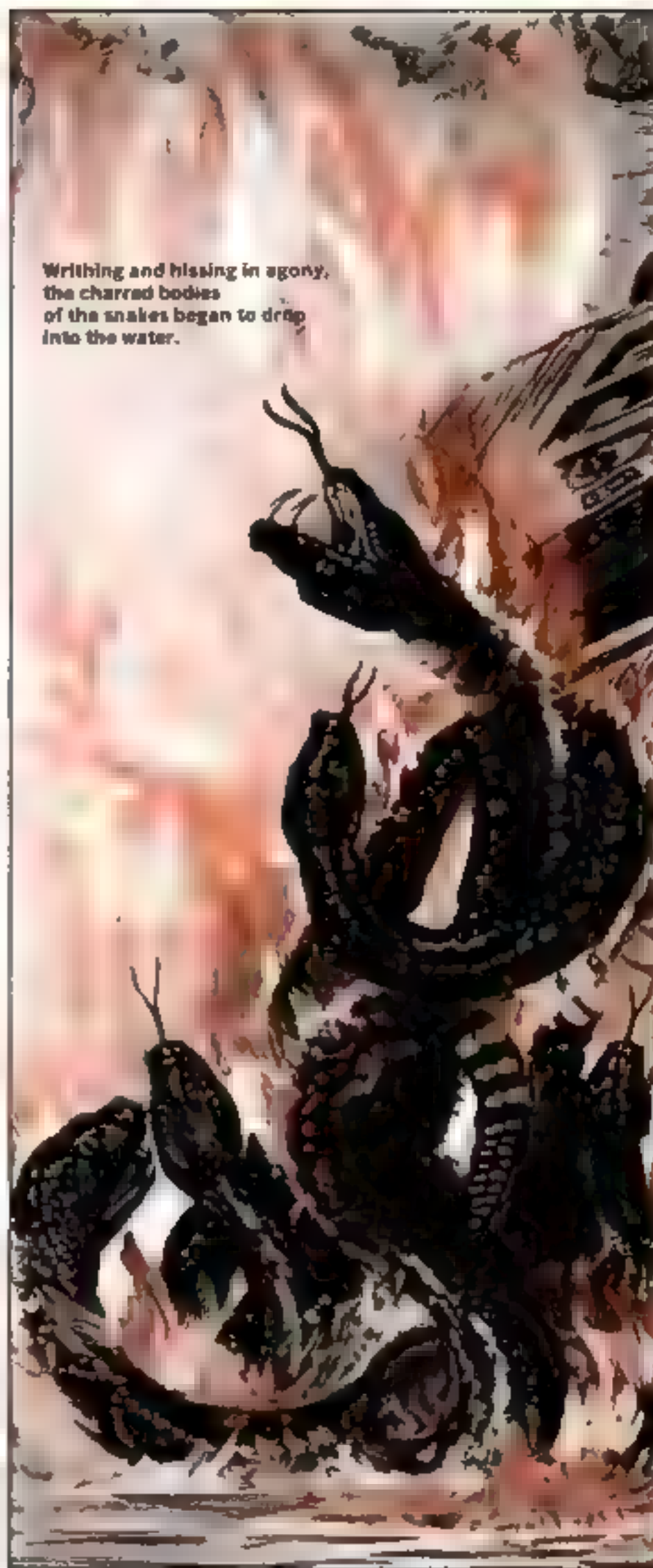
Getting up, I padded out to the living room and played my flashlight around the cabin. When I got it to the front door, I thought I was seeing things. There on the floor was a 'cotton'—as the local people call them—a cottonmouth moccasins. The bastard had crawled through a space under the front door and was slithering toward the bedroom where Sarah, my wife, was sleeping. Worse than that, though, was the broad, glistening band of water on the floor in front of him.

It didn't take a tidewater South Carolina native to know that track meant

(Continued on page 58)

We'd spent the whole fishing trip at each other's throats until torrential rains turned the Tugaloo into a flooded-out snakepit, forcing us to forget everything else but survival.

By DAVE CATON



Writhing and hissing in agony, the charred bodies of the snakes began to drop into the water.

NIGHT OF



THE RATTTLERS

GETTING EUNICE'S BOOBS was easy. Oh, she might bitch a little, in her way. Like when I'd reach inside her blouse and heft them in their brassiere a little, then slip the other hand around back and unhitch the strap she might say, "I swear, Roy, if I live to be a hundred I'll never understand what you men see in that. I mean, I can run my hand inside your skivvies from now until planting time and it would do as much for me as chewing stones. But the minute you grab a hold of a girl's things you begin acting like you was riding the end of a cattle prod. I swear, I can't fig-

ure that one out."

But I wouldn't be paying much attention because by then I'd be too busy running my tongue around those sweet nipples she had, first one, then the other, then back again, until she'd say, "Shoot, Roy, don't go getting me too wet or I might catch cold, hear?"

Getting Old Eunice's wazoo took a little more time. When I'd been on the boobs long enough so that my brain felt fried and my eyes felt like they was going to float clear of my head, I'd sort of drop one hand down on her leg, which would set her knees to springing like

FICTION FOR MEN

THE OVER-HEATED LANDLADY

By ARTHUR KAPLAN

To get to Eunice's waiting bed, he had to bypass his lusty

they was a bear trap, catching my hand between them and cutting off the blood to the fingers, but I'd act like everything was all right and continue kissing her and playing with her boobs with my free hand until after a bit her knees would relax a little and as soon as I got the feel back in my fingers I'd start moving slow and easy up her skirt until I hit honey which would usually make Eunice suck air and say something like, "Lord A'mighty, Roy, if you keep that up I'm going to have to set your safety belt, hee, hee "

"That feel good?" I'd hush into her

sweet ear.

Then she'd sort of slide about another 7/16ths onto my finger and I'd know that it was time to take her hand and guide it onto my rod.

"It's just like a hoe handle, Roy," she'd say and in a little while she would begin moaning and flipping the back of her head against the seat. But it makes me sick to confess that for four whole months of dating Eunice Osteen that was about as far as I could go because the stupid sons of bitches at Ford that put together the inside of a Mustang automobile

(Continued on page 44)



landlady or find himself on a wild, sexual merry-go-round.

STAG CONFIDENTIAL...

(Continued from page 6)

creases to every family's bill...

COPS MAY SWITCH TO USING BLIMPS FOR TRAFFIC CONTROL AND COORDINATING DISPATCHING OF PATROL CARS TO THE SCENE OF A CRIME. MINI-BLIMPS COVER LARGER AREAS, GIVE BETTER VISUAL SCRUTINY--BESIDES BEING QUIETER THAN ANY OTHER SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM NOW IN USE...

Big boom in Italy for bodyguards. Rash of kidnappings have made guys with karate training and gun licenses worth between \$25 and \$40 a day...

HIGH CITY HOOKERS HAVE THROWN IN THE TOWEL. THEY HARDLY EVER WORK OUT OF LOCAL BARS AS THERE'S TOO MUCH COMPETITION FROM AMATEURS WHO ARE RARING TO GIVE IT AWAY FOR NOTHING. COPS THEY CAN HANDLE--FREEBIE SEXPOTS ARE TOO TOUGH...

A MAN'S CAR

WITH MORE MOTORCYCLES ON THE ROADS (TO BEAT HIGH PRICE OF GAS) LOOK FOR JUMP IN SUMMER DEATH RATES.

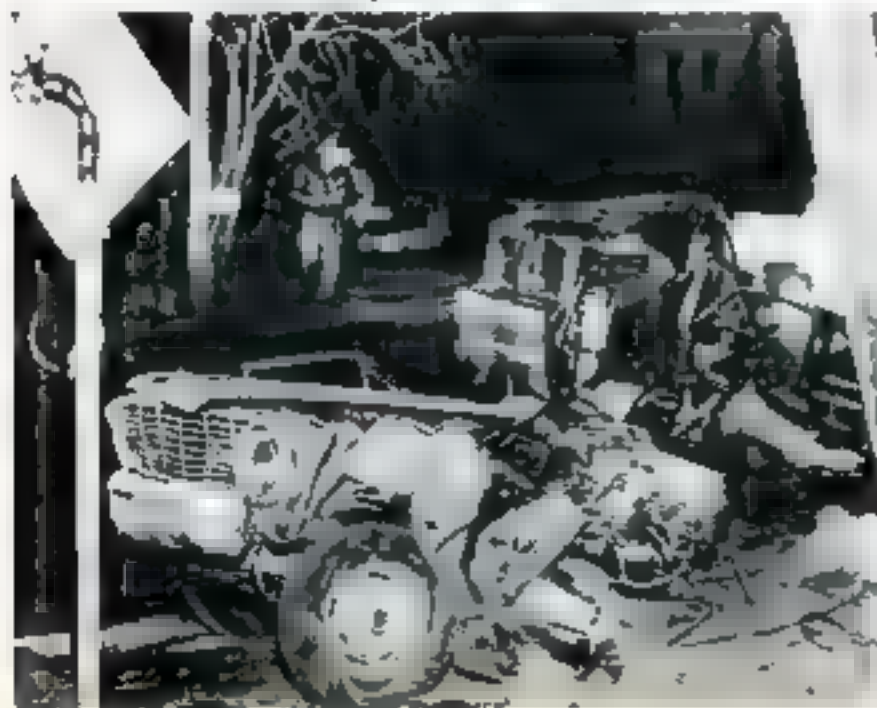
People who installed locks on their gas tanks to prevent desperadoes from siphoning out precious gas ran into a bad backlash. Either the fuel thieves broke the lock and cap completely, or they punched holes in the gas tank and let the precious stuff drip into a waiting bucket..

CHRYSLER ORDERING A GIANT RECALL TO PATCH UP A DEFECT IN ITS 1973 POLLUTION CONTROL SYSTEM...

You can thank the recent gasoline shortage for the big drop in carbon monoxide levels in most major cities...

FIGURES IN ON DEATH TOLL DURING PERIOD WHEN STATES ORDERED REDUCED SPEED LIMITS --AS MUCH AS 20% FEWER HIGHWAY ACCIDENT FATALITIES...

Reduced Speeds Down Fatalities



According to General Motors extensive tests, your car will come up with its best fuel consumption at a steady 50 mph pace..

LOOK FOR MORE ACCURATE EVALUATION OF WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR CHEST IN A CRASH THAT SLAMS YOU AGAINST THE STEERING WHEEL. BIOENGINEERS HAVE CONSTRUCTED A STEEL "CHEST" THAT REACTS JUST AS YOURS WOULD IF IT WERE SUDDENLY THROWN FORWARD AGAINST THE STEERING COLUMN. THEY SHOULD COME UP WITH A PRETTY GOOD IDEA OF YOUR CHANCES AT ANY SPEED...

SCOOPING THE WORLD

Girls on summer vacations will make their wildest sex moves away from home. The same ones you can't get to first base with on a regular date will urge you on



When Women Are Wildest

to the most erotic sex practices once they're on their own. Many have been fantasizing all winter about wide-open lovemaking, building up a burning heat to get at it once they hit their vacation spots. They plunge in with a desperate desire to get it all out of their system before they return, and wallow in sensuality for their two-week binge. Catch one of these and you'll have the holiday bash of your life...

IF YOU'VE GOT A YEN TO SEE THE FEW PRIMITIVE TRIBES STILL UNSPOILED ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH, THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE IN WASHINGTON, D.C., CAN GIVE YOU A LIST TO CHOOSE FROM. BUT THE WAY CIVILIZATION IS ENCREACHING, YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST IF YOU WANT TO SEE THEM AS THEY WERE THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO...

It looks like the beginning of the end for firemen sliding down poles to their engines whenever an alarm rings. The first one-story firehouse is being built in N.Y.C., and it may be the first of many to come. Among other reasons for doing away with two-level stations is the growing number of injuries men sustain taking a flying leap at the pole to make their way to ground level.

AFTER STREAKING, WHAT? CORDS AT FIVE MIDWEST UNIVERSITIES HAVE COME UP WITH A NEW NUDE GIMMICK--NAKED DATING. GIRLS ARE INVITED TO THE MEN'S ROOMS, WHERE BOTH SEXES STRIP COMPLETELY, THEN SIT AROUND SIPPING THEIR SIX-PACKS. SCHOOL OFFICIALS ARE TRYING TO CATCH THEM IN ANY SEX ACT SO THEY'LL HAVE A LEGITIMATE REASON TO PULL A BUST...

Latest weapon to drive off flocks of peasty pigeons was used successfully in New City, N.Y., recently. Maintenance crews at the county courthouse--long the favorite roost of the pigeons--set out dozens of rubber snakes. The pigeons took one look at the lifelike reptiles and flew the coop...

RED WORLD

AMERICANS TOURING RUSSIA ARE COMING HOME WITH AN INTESTINAL INFECTION PICKED UP IN THE DRINKING WATER. GIARDIASIS, A DISEASE THAT CAN LAST FOR MONTHS, HAS BECOME A SERIOUS PROBLEM WITH MORE AND MORE RETURNING YANKS...

China has accused Russia of all-out espionage attacks on her territory. She points out the Soviets launched 75 espionage satellites for military purposes in 1973, five times as many as the U.S....

U.S. CONSERVATIONISTS TEED-OFF AND PLENTY WORRIED ABOUT RUSSIAN REFUSAL TO COMPLY WITH INTERNATIONAL DECISIONS FOR PROTECTING VANISHING WHALE POPULATION...

East Germany again warning about "severe reprisals" if Bonn doesn't do some-



"Wall" Breakouts Bring Warning

thing about stopping West German-engineered escapes from the Iron Curtain side of the Wall...

USING THE ENERGY CRISIS AS AN EXCUSE, SEVEN SOVIET SCIENTISTS PHONIED UP REPORTS OF AN EXPEDITION TO NORTHERN TADZHIKISTAN TO COVER A WILD SPREE OF HIGH LIVING. SCANDAL WAS PUBLICLY ADMITTED IN RUSSIA'S OFFICIAL NEWS PAPERS...

With parking spaces tougher to find in Moscow than in New York and with car

thieves stripping the cars as fast as they can be parked, many Russians are taking to stowing their vehicles in alleys, backyards or other spots "safer" than city streets...

MEN IN UNIFORM

AT THIS WRITING, THEY'RE STILL BEING KILLED IN INDONESIA--WITH FIERCE FIGHTING



Cambodia's War--No End in Sight

RAGING IN CAMBODIA...

Viet veterans bitching, boiling mad over what they consider shabby treatment now that they're back on the home front. Among chief gripes--after lack of jobs--are Veteran's Administration run-arounds...

ACCORDING TO THE PENTAGON, MORE THAN 5,000 AIR FORCE, NAVY AND MARINE PLANES ARE "NOT OPERATIONALLY READY". REASON? SHORTAGES OF SPARE PARTS AND LONG OVERDUE MAINTENANCE...

One female Marine sergeant recently shipped out for an 18-month tour of duty. Back in the states she left her husband, who plans to remain in civilian life despite the long marital separation...

JUST RELEASED SIDELIGHT ON YANK PRISONERS OF THE NORTH VIETNAMESE: ONE NAVY COMMANDER FREED FROM HIS PRISON CAMP WAS PERMITTED TO TAKE BACK A PUPPY GIVEN HIM BY HIS VIETNAMESE GUARD. PUP WAS FROM A LITTER BORN TO THE GUARD'S DOG...

Between 1967 and 1971, 280,000 U.S. servicemen and women spent their R&R leaves in Australia...

LOOK FOR MORE JAP HOLDOUTS OF WW II TO SHOW UP OVER THE NEXT FEW YEARS. MANY PACIFIC ISLANDS ARE IDEAL FOR HARBORING AND SUSTAINING SOLDIERS WHO HEADED FOR THE HILLS WHEN THE YANKS ARRIVED

29 years ago this month the A-bomb was dropped at Nagasaki and Hiroshima, bringing the war against Japan to an end. Three months earlier, the Germans surrendered unconditionally to end the fighting in Europe...

"Watch watching?" and I didn't answer but slipped my hand right up her dress and massaged her keist me.

Hiy she said, moving a little but not away, and looking around to see if anyone was around. Then she leaned down and kissed me and without my having to guide her hand she put it straight down on my mid.

When she got up she said, "I bought black stockings Roy" and lifted them out of the bag.

Who-ee I shouted and if she hadn't started walking away I swear I would have jumped her right there on the rug.

A little while after that I went up, showered and shaved—ever though I had shaved that morning—and put some stink good on my neck and around my crotch, the way I told you I would do, and it damned near burned me out of business. Then I put on my new pajamas and an almost new bathrobe that I had only worn a couple of times, combed my hair real good then went to my room where I lay on top of the covers of the bed so as not to mess anything up and rested.

I heard Mizz Watrous come in first and then a little while later Ella Wheat. I heard her go to the bathroom then move around in her own room where she turned the radio on real low. At around 9:30 she clicked it off and I just lay there hardly breathing watching the face of my clock, which shines in the dark.

At first I thought I would start moving out a little after 10 which would give Ella Wheat plenty of time to go to sleep but when 10 finally rolled around I told myself that I had better wait until 11:10 because I didn't want to spoil anything before it began. But I couldn't make 11:30 because I was too anxious and around 10:19 I got up and using my flashlight, I checked my hair comb in the bureau mirror I was just about to open the door when I decided that maybe I should cut my toenails so I turned the flashlight on them and cut them and then rubbed them smooth with an emery board.

I didn't wear any slippers because they would make noise so when I stepped out of my room the floor was cold. I set a piece of Scotch tape on the latch so I wouldn't click when I came back, then began to walk easy toward Eunice's room.

I walked one step at a time, toe and heel, as quiet as a shadow sliding down a greased pole and I was making good time, considering, until I was just opposite Ella Wheat's door when I put my foot down and the damned floor board creaked.

I froze right in my tracks; it was only a small squeak. Hell, I hardly heard it myself. But suddenly Ella Wheat's door flew open and I could make her out standing in the doorway, this big old rag wrapped around her head.

Hiy you, Roy? she hissed, sort of sticking her head out to see he was.

Yes'm, I whispered back. I was just going to the bathroom.

But he bathroom's in the other direction. You wearing perfume? something smells mighty good.

I thought I saw a light downstairs. I said "And about that smell it's this stuff I'm using for my athlete's feet. Sorry I woke you up.

Then I turned and stomped off to the bathroom where I flushed the toilet without even using it then went back to my bed and lay on top of the covers all night cursing out these damned old houses that's got squeaky floors and nosy landladies.

"I swear," Eunice said low into the telephone when I called her during coffee break the next morning to explain what had happened. "If you can't walk 15 feet without waking up the whole house, . . . I was lay-

ing there in them black stockings so long I thought I'd freeze to death.

I managed to calm her down a little before the three minutes was up saying that it was just one of those things and that we would try again that night, was that all right with her?"

Maybe she said and hung up.

But when she came in from business college that night there was a big smile on her face. Being that both Ella Wheat and Mizz Watrous was sitting with me watching "Gunsmoke" we didn't say anything to each other, but spring began singing right there in my underwear.

I took another shower that night and shaved again and put some stink good just under my belt button instead of my crotch then lay down in my bed in my new pajamas. I didn't want to go to sleep but before I knew it I had dozed off and when I looked at the clock again it was 11 o'clock and I got all excited because I was late. So I got up quickly and combed my hair by flashlight and opened the door quietly and listened. There wasn't a sound so I stepped out the door and very softly, toe and heel like before I started moving toward sweet Eunice's room making sure to miss that squeaky board by as much as I could—even if it meant I had to walk on the wall.

Well, I was almost walking on the wall and I had passed that one board that had given me trouble the night before so when I stepped on the next one there was, well, the softest little sound you ever heard and just like that, Ella Wheat's door flew open and she was hissing, "Roy!"

"Yes'm," I said, hating the world and just about everyone in it. "I got a crick in my leg and thought that I would walk it off." Then I turned and walked back to my room and closed that damned door and flopped onto my bed and slept so hard trying to forget my miseries and I missed setting the alarm and got to work about an hour and a half late.

There was a get togeth' in the chat day. She wouldn't come to the telephone during coffee break and when I called again during lunch I heard her telling the lady that answered the phone to say to whoever was calling that Miss Osteen has gone to lunch and

after that has an important meeting that will last all afternoon.

I waited for her outside Penney's when she got out of work but she said she couldn't talk to me then because she had to be in business college in ten minutes and sneezed. I said I would drive her. At she said no thanks and blew her nose in her handkerchief and said that she was coming down with a cold because of them damned black stockings and she was going to send me the hospital bills if she had to be admitted and was I prepared to pay for the funeral at 18.

But I waited for her outside of business college, and though at first she didn't want to get into the car, she did after I promised that I would drive straight home and that I wouldn't go sticking my hands inside her sweater because it was brand new.

When I stopped a block from Ella Wheat's to let her out I took a hold of her wrist and said, "Night Eunice."

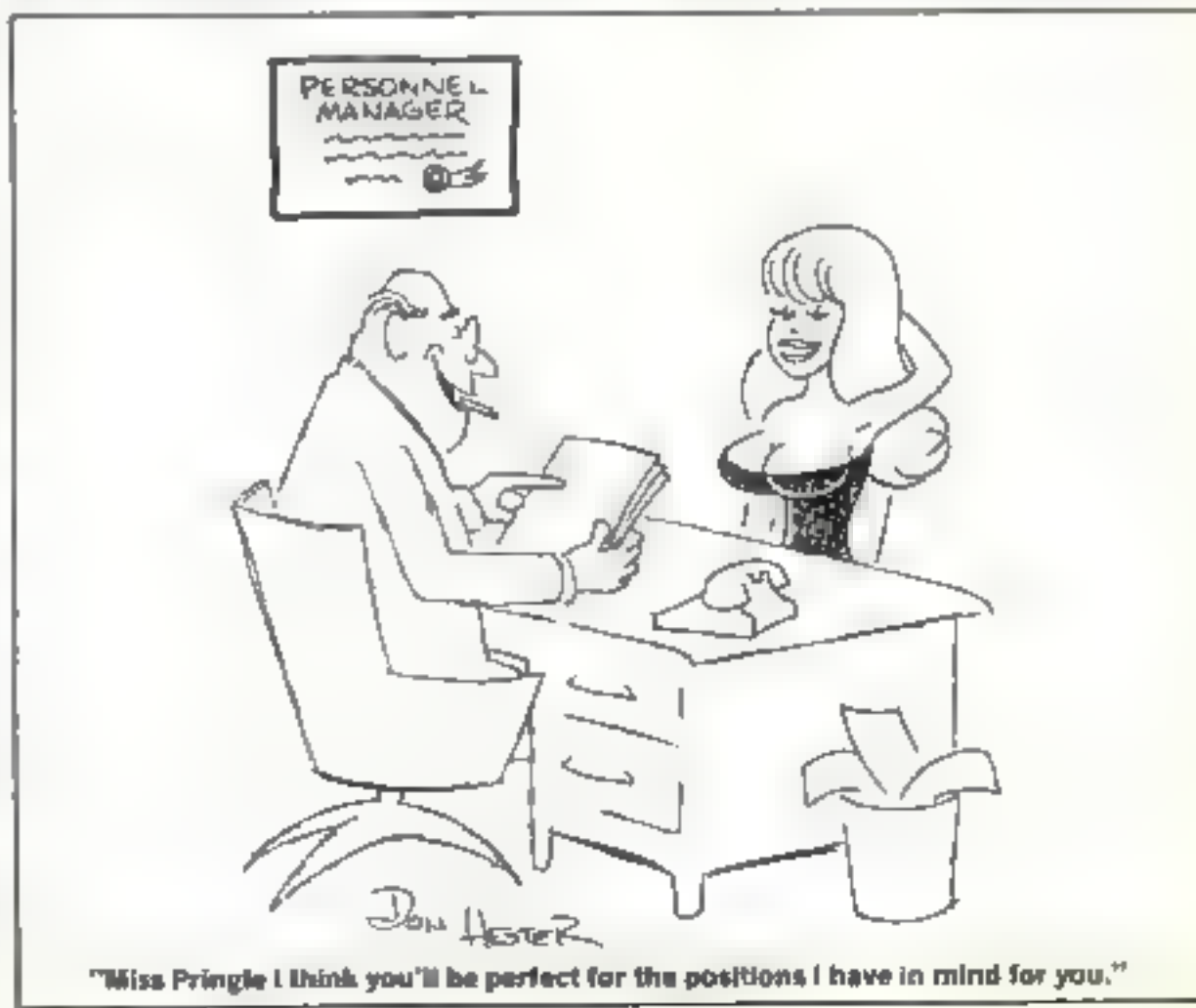
Well she said, trying to break my grip. I don't know I can't be waiting my life lying there on the bed in just a pair of stockings. I'm starting to get rings under my eyes waiting but I guess I can give it one last try.

That night, I was calm as I had never been calm before. I didn't waste any time watching television or listening to Ella Wheat's jokes but went straight up to my room, took a shower and shaved, put one dab of stink good on each of the cheeks of my seat, slid into my new pajamas which were kind of wrinkled, and lay on my bed waiting for Ella Wheat and Mizz Watrous to settle down. Everything was quiet by 10:15 but I gave it another 15 minutes, waiting until the second hand touched the 12 before I got out a beer.

I was going to make it that night. I had myself a beer in my hand.

I opened the door as before and walked out into the hall. The time I had figured out was my . . . and where the joints were and I had come to the conclusion that if I walked as close to the doors as possible I could make it without any squeaking.

And did I swear I did. I'd take an oath on a stack of bibles that as I stepped in from of Ella Wheat's door I didn't make a sound.



but nonetheless the door flew open and Ella Wheat was standing there

Naked
I could see by the moonlight coming in her window. I could see that her hair was combed and her boobs were out and I could see her wazoo and that she was wearing high-heeled shoes and nothing else.

I started to say something but she put one hand over my mouth and the other hand behind my neck and pulled me into her room. Then she turned and closed the door without a sound. I started to say something then, too, but she came up to me and put her mouth over mine and her tongue started feeling around for my tonsils and the rest of her started walking me backward toward the bed.

When we came up for air I did manage to get out, "Ella," but she covered my mouth with her's again and took a hold of both my hands and put them up on her boobs and began rubbing her wazoo up against the hump in my buttocks.

Well, there was nothing much that I could do then but sort of ease myself down on her bed without a sound and pull her on top of me.

When my quilled twice though I could have gone more and she probably could have rode me until Christmas. But after the second time I put my pajama pants on again and when she opened her mouth to say something I just covered it with mine and I kissed each of her nipples a couple of times then walked to the door and waved before I opened it.

I closed it right after me then, but instead of turning to the left to go back to my room I turned to the right and walked into Eunice's room and there hinges was oiled so good the damned door almost worked by itself.

Eunice was lying on top of the bed in those black stockings that were held up by a pair of purple garters with little cloth flowers all around them—the kind you see in movies—and damned if I knew where she got them. She was watching while I let my bathrobe and pajamas drop to the floor. Then I walked over to the bed and without any preliminaries or anything I started massaging her. I was sure the black was flowing out of her like a waterfall or ke. I rubbed on her then and guided my hand and she sucked in enough air to fill a dirigible.

Well, we went on almost without stopping for about two in the morning that first time and even Eunice whispered once that it was as good as "F"-ing as she had ever had but that didn't mean necessarily that she had ever been "F"-ed before, did I understand?

I said I did and stuck my tongue all the way into her ear until she just curled up like a shaving in a wood plane.

Well, this all happened about six months ago and it's still going on anywhere from three to six times a week because Eunice refuses to "F" on Sundays. It all seems so simple now that I look back on it, that the way to get past Ella Wheat's room in the middle of the night is to first stop in for a little while, but that's something they don't teach you in high school, you got to pick it up on your own.

The funny thing is, though, people still stop me in the street and tell me that I don't look good and maybe I should see a doctor or take a vacation. But I tell them, fine, I'm fine, and I don't stop steel stock any more. And I've begun taking a spoonful of that vinegar and molasses every morning that that friend of my cousin Frances gave me because if things continue going like this I sure as hell want to live to be one hundred and one.



then, do women expect from a man their first time in bed? My interviews support the following conclusions:

Sexual performance as such is relatively unimportant. . . . First impressions count and many men, eager to make a good one, work hard at playing superstar. They want to give their new partner a sexual experience unlike any she's ever had—one that will make her come back time and again for more.

Actually, sexual performance itself will have very little effect on whether the average girl wants an encore. Most women are influenced much more strongly by other factors.

I always consider the first night a sexual throwaway," says Jan, a secretary in a town who has made love to more than 40 men since her first experience at age 14. "I know how nervous I am—despite my experience—every time I bed down with a new man. It's only understandable that men will be nervous, too.

"Naturally, I'd like every new man to give me the orgasm to end all orgasms, but I know this isn't realistic. Besides, there's plenty of time for that once I get to know the man better. The main thing I'm interested in the first night we're together is how he treats me as a person—how interested he is in my thoughts, feelings and ideas.

"This physical part of sex is, on the whole, much less important than the emotional part.

Abs Carolina, a 21-year-old TV production assistant in Florida,

like my big O's as much as the next girl, but I'm not hanging about it, and I certainly don't expect it to happen the first time. If it does, of course, I won't get mad. But it's like riding the merry-go-round: you don't expect to snatch the brass ring every time.

The most important thing to me is a man who is gentle and considerate and loving. I'm not looking for superstars. In fact, I'd much prefer a man who is just a nice, ordinary guy who is warm and compassionate and just plain nice.

Joey, 19, a college student in Texas, recalls her favorite first night lover, a police man who patrolled on campus.

"Dan met me after class and we went to his apartment, where he cooked dinner. I'd been in his company before, but never alone under circumstances where seduction was possible—usually there were 50 million people around.

"Now that I was finally alone with him, I was pretty nervous. I mean, I wasn't a virgin, but it was kind of a high-pressure situation as I imagine it is for most girls the first time with a guy, no matter how much experience they have.

"Dan put me at ease immediately. He broke out a couple cans of beer and handed me one, just as if I were one of his buddies. It made me feel really comfortable and at home. Then, after dinner, when we sat on the couch, he put his arm around me very casually and leaned back and started telling me about some of the problems he encountered in police work. Even though we'd known each other for only a short time, I felt almost as if I were his girlfriend.

While we talked, we kissed and petted. But never compulsively. For more than an

First-Night Sex

Continued from page 17

hour while Dan kissed and fondled my breasts and sucked the nipples very gently (which I adore!) he never once made an attempt to touch me down there. I hate it when a guy shoots straight for my pants and attacks my vagina, as though he were swatting a fly.

The biggest mistake of most men, my interviewees and I have, in fact, some girls get so turned off by a guy who rushes in that they refuse to have sex with him, even though they ordinarily might have planned on it. Conversely, some women who might ordinarily have said no will say yes if the right man is casual enough about it.

"I'll never forget Paul," says Sherry, 24, a social worker in Ohio. "I was introduced to him by a mutual friend, and I flipped over him immediately. When he asked me out, I thought I was going to faint. He was so good-looking.

But then, when we got to his apartment, he had barely closed the door before he was on top of me, grabbing for my breasts and kissing me really soulfully. It turned me off completely.

"On the way up in the elevator and I could think about was how much I wished I were in bed with him. But after he came on like gang busters, all I could think of was how I wished I were somewhere else."

Marti, also 24, is a model for a garment manufacturer.

and I had a pretty good idea of what I was getting into, and I had a pretty good idea of what I was getting into, and I had a pretty good idea of what I was getting into. But I do insist on getting to know the guy a little before sleeping with him.

If I date a guy and feel that he's coming on too strong, it immediately turns me off. But I have never, at home, as though he really doesn't care whether I make love to him or not, want to make love to him. Maybe that's freaky, but that's the way I am.

She adds:
One night I had a date with Stan, an engineer. We had met that same afternoon in a diner near his construction site, and he had asked if I wanted to meet for a drink after work. I said yes, and we met at a cocktail lounge near my office.

"Well, I was very surprised to find that when Stan showed up one of his buddies was with him. The two of them sat with me and talked for a while, then Stan's buddy left and Stan took me home. When we got to my place, I asked him inside and we put on a few records. One thing led to another and we were making love on the couch.

I don't think it would have happened if Stan hadn't brought a buddy with him when he showed up at the bar. Somehow that made the whole thing much more casual, and put me at ease.

I met Eddie on my dinner hour. He's Wendy, 22, a theater cashier in Pennsylvania. "He was having a sandwich in the coffee shop next to the theater. It was crowded, and the head waiter set us up at the same table.

"We clicked immediately. I mean—it's hard to explain—I trusted him right off. There was absolutely no bullshit about

(Continued on page 48)

Don't think of Head Start as a baldness preventative. Think of it as the best hair conditioner available. Anywhere. You'll find that a lot easier to swallow.



Until now the best hair conditioner and baldness preventative went on your head. Now it goes in your mouth.

The last thing you need about your baldness problem is a bunch of bal.

So we're gonna give it to you straight.

The Federal experts say that a

majority of baldness cannot be cured. Period. Scientists say this kind of baldness is a result of heredity.

So if you have this kind, we're speaking to the other guys.

Let's be honest with ourselves. Anything you rub on, pour over, or spray in your hair to prevent premature baldness is at best temporary and at worst sheer witch doctory.

The secret actually comes from within. With the kind of proper nutrition that comes from a well balanced diet.

A steady diet of wheat germ oils, fish oils, leafy green vegetables, and other super foods that give hair the vitamins, minerals and protein it needs to be the healthiest are not enough. Unless you have the stomach to eat three pounds of calves liver at a sitting.

Head Start is a vitamin and mineral compound designed to help just one part of your body. Your hair.

Go ahead. Keep taking your multiple vitamins. They have a job to do. But that job isn't Head Start's.

Head Start's job is to keep your hair from starving to death.

Unfortunately as we grow older (as we must) the tiny capillaries start to break down and the top of the head is the first place they start to go. When they break down they are no longer able to carry blood to the roots of your hair. (Fact is, the "fizzes" are one of the first signs that your hair is not only damaged.)

It's dying.

Cosmetic Laboratories developed Head Start to supplement your diet with just the vitamins and minerals (in megadoses) that major nutritionists believe are responsible for healthy hair in men and women alike. Ordinary commercial vitamin compounds will not keep your hair alive. Only Head Start has the proper vitamins and minerals in the right doses for the healthiest possible hair.

Is Head Start an effective baldness preventative?

In cases other than hereditary baldness there's nothing mysterious about balding. It occurs for the

same reason that dry, unconditioned hair does and it's not limited to men. (You'd be surprised at how many well-groomed women in couture dresses hide thinning hair beneath a wig.)

In fact, 7,000,000 women in America today suffer from a hair and scalp disorder.

A disorder that could be correctable.

After more than two years of testing, Head Start users state that Head Start can arrest balding, condition hair, and in some cases new growth has actually begun.

The catch? Just one. Like most good things for your body, including dieting, you have to do it conscientiously over a period of time.

Do yourself a favor. Start using your head. And your mouth.

You have nothing to lose but your hair by waiting. If you act now you can take advantage of our special introductory offer in the coupon below. Frankly, we're selling Head Start faster than we can make it. So send in your coupon today. Our present supply is limited.

Your satisfaction is unconditionally guaranteed.

Try Head Start for 30 days. If you feel that the results are unsatisfactory—and you be the judge—return the unused portion and we'll return your money.

New Head Start Shampoo, with enzyme treated protein, and Vitamin E helps keep your hair on the road to recovery.

It would be a shame to use a shampoo that would leave your hair dry and brittle after all that effort. Head Start Shampoo is a mild protein shampoo containing 10 conditioning ingredients plus enzyme treated protein and Vitamin E. We guarantee it to be the best protein shampoo on the market.

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\$2.00 off on your first order of Head Start. Plus a free booklet on proper hair care.

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Head Start Shampoo.

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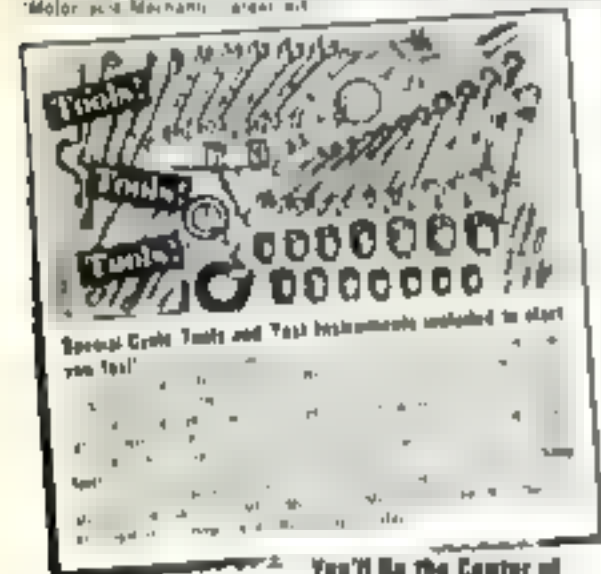


Motorcycle Mechanics

If you like to ride a cycle

if for profit' $\pi = p_1 q_1 + p_2 q_2 - w_1 L_1 - w_2 L_2 - rK$

There are many things I do not like about
the life of a soldier. But I am proud to be
one of them. I am proud to be a part of
the team that is fighting for our country.
I am proud to be a part of the team that
is protecting our freedom.



Be the envy of friends & neighbors as they flock around to watch you tear down and tune-up all kinds of motorcycles. And just think of the status it will give you as you go home and park in front of your town. Police cars make us ride our fixin' motorcycles for your friends and neighbors.

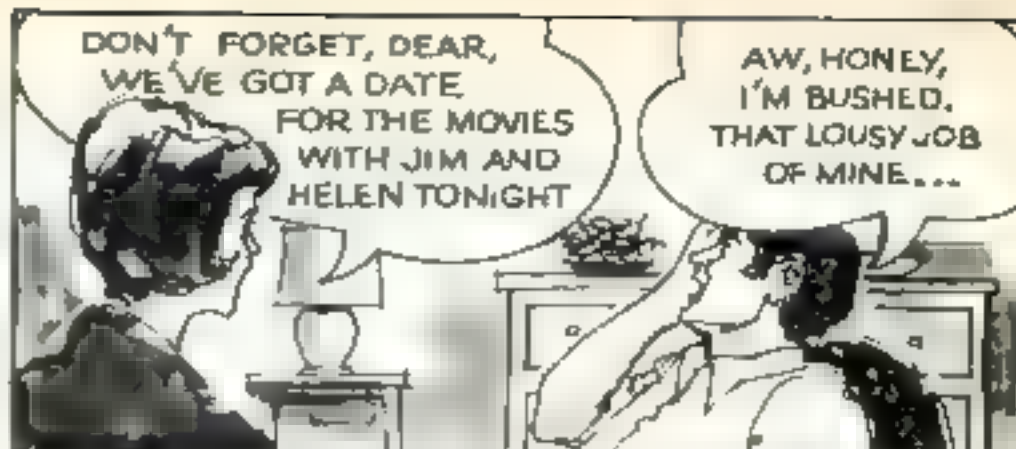
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"When I've given myself to a man, I like to feel that he appreciates it. Not that I'm doing him any favors, mind you. But I have done something that I don't just do with every guy who comes down the pike. So I don't want to be treated like a used Kleenex."

"I'm sick and tired of my Job!"



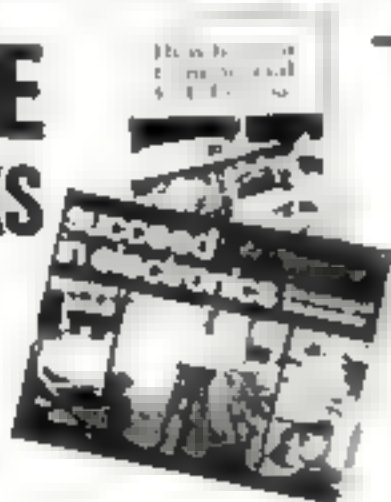
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Mafia Kidnap

Continued from page 14

nearest him closed the gap in seconds and brought the barrel of his automatic down across the side of Chuck's head. Blood spurted as he threw a punch that caught the unprepared mobster on the side of his jaw. Chuck felt blood ooze onto his flat as his second punch flattened the man's nose.

The others moved in then, grabbing him from behind and pinning his arms to his back. He tried to drive his elbow into the solar plexus of the man behind him but it was a futile attempt. He didn't have the strength. It had been squeezed out of him by the mobster whose nose he had bloodied and who was now using Chuck's head as a speed bag.

He felt the first nauseating waves of vertigo sweep over him as the hoods continued their brutal attack. He could taste blood as they let his body slump to the floor.

The last thing he saw was the four of them carrying off Julie.

It was Julie he saw again when he came to, except this time she was larger than life and seemed to be hanging over him. As the haze of his unconsciousness cleared he recognized it as a life-size oil painting of Julie. And standing next to the painting was Julie's father, Anselmo Vincente.

Anselmo was cut a handsome figure. He wore a black pin striped suit accented by a glittering gold watch chain that hung from button hole to vest pocket. A burgundy tie with matching breast pocket handkerchief sat off his white shirt and a crown of silver-gray hair completed the picture. He closed the door behind him and stared at Chuck's bed.

"Julie?" Chuck's lips and throat were so parched that the word was barely audible.

Anselmo poured a glass of water for Chuck from the pitcher on the end table. Then he sat on his elegant tailoring into an over-stuffed red velvet chair that overlooked the expanse of his property.

"Where the hell is she?" Chuck rasped as he struggled upright.

"She has been kidnapped. The men you fought with last night are holding her. They called here after they left your apartment. My men went there, found you and brought you here."

"Have you called the police? Do they want to talk with me?"

"The police will not want to talk to any one. They do not know of the kidnapping. You are the only outsider that is involved. That is why you are in my house. I didn't want you running to the cops like a scared school boy."

"What kind of crap are you handing me Vincente? Your daughter is kidnapped and you tell me that you don't want to call the cops—are you nuts? What the hell do you think you're going to do?"

Anselmo pressed his palms together, tolerating the question only because it had been asked by an outsider. He prayed for deliverance. The men that had beaten Chuck and abducted Julie, he explained patiently, were led by Bruno Lo Bianco—a young maverick within Anselmo's mob who had been making a play for more power. He was dissatisfied with his position in the organization and was looking to move up fast. Anselmo had granted him some concessions but Bruno wasn't satisfied. He had

kidnapped Julie with the intention of restoring her back to her father for the price of more mob control.

Police involvement was of course, out of the question. If they were called in, he'd have to explain that the ransom demand was part of his crime empire. The D.A. would have more than enough evidence to put him on ice for 20 years—probably permanently when the mob found out. And then there was the question of honor. The kidnapping was a personal attack. An attempt to belittle him in the eyes of other bosses. He had already been disgraced by having Julie taken from him. He had to get her back on his own to save face.

You see, it is a question of tradition. Without tradition we would be nothing. If I were to call the police, Julie would be killed and I would be ridiculed. Driven out of the organization because I had allowed my family's honor to be disgraced. When a man is in trouble he does not beg for help—he helps himself. That is what I intend to do. My men will return Julie to me unharmed and it will be done without meeting Bruno's demands.

"I will then, stay here. My men have orders. I am not leaving until you get the cops and leave things as you are an outsider and the safety of my daughter compromised."

"Your daughter is due to become my wife and in my eyes that makes this my fight. I don't care what you say Vincente, I'm not going to sit here on my hands while Julie is in trouble."

"Listen you lousy son of a bitch. I told you before, I will see you dead rather than allow you to marry Julie. You are not right for her. My father was Italian, I am Italian and my grandchildren shall be one hundred percent Italian." As far as Vincente was concerned that was the end of their conversation. He left, slamming the door behind him.

Chuck sat alone in the bed mulling over the conversation he had just had. All that

EDITOR'S NOTE

Long before California was rocketed into the headlines by the kidnapping of Patricia Hearst there occurred a similar event in Minnesota. Though the victims were as wealthy and as powerful as Hearst the crime was never launched into national prominence. In fact until today it has remained buried concealed by a shield of silence that has been in existence since the Middle Ages.

Both the kidnapped and the kidnapers were part of a powerful Mafia family that still rules in Duluth today. The story came to STAG editors via an informant who was on the scene and who related the incident to a reporter friend of his. The reporter has asked that we publish his story anonymously since he fears repercussions from the mob. The boss of the family involved has sworn an oath to kill anyone who related the story. It was probably the most embarrassing event to ever befall a Mafia family.

seemed to concern Vincente was his honor. The fact that his daughter might already be dead didn't even enter into his mind.

It was almost unbelievable that Vincente could be so concerned with his honor when the life of his only daughter was at stake. It was even more unbelievable that he actually expected Chuck to sit quietly on the sidelines while Julie was being held hostage. He loved her too much, had envisioned their future together too many times, to have it all taken away by a bunch of second-rate hoods. He wanted Julie as his wife and was prepared to take on the whole Mafia, if necessary, to get her. By the time Anselmo got off his well-fed butt and stopped worrying about his precious honor, she could be dead.

Standing, he started to dress. It was painful because of the bruises from the night before but it wasn't anything he couldn't bear. He checked the door and as he suspected, it was locked. His room was on the second floor and from his window he could see the huge iron gates that closed off the end of the driveway to Vincente's estate. Soldiers' well-tailored gun bulges under their stay-prem jackets patrolled near the gate and house.

He started to work up an escape plan in his mind. Without a gun he would have to rely on surprise to take the guards. He didn't like the thought of killing, but knew that he would, if forced. His planning was interrupted by a ringing phone.

He lifted the dialless extension phone, heard the sound of a gruff male voice.

"Well, Vincente?"

"Be patient, Bruno. These things take time. You cannot expect."

Vincente was cut short by the sound of a woman's voice. It was strained, frightened.

"Daddy... Daddy you have to help me. They'll kill me. They'll..." The sound of a low-flying plane drowned out the rest of Julie's message.

Now Anselmo Vincente knew he had a pretty little girl here and he knew that you don't want her hurt. She's standing in front of me now and I'm holding her head as my trophy. You know, your girl here really does have beautiful hands. What are they worth to you?

"What are you saying Bruno?" Anselmo's voice was raised with fear.

"Take her thumb, Vincente. Is it worth say 25 percent of the loan shark action on the docks? Answer me quick, you bastard otherwise my knife is going to cut that pretty little thumb off and you'll get it in the morning."

"Yes, yes, it's worth it. Don't hurt her. We can make a deal, Bruno."

"What about her finger? I think it should be worth at least 40 percent of your drug business. After all, it's bigger than her thumb."

"My God, Bruno—stop it. You can have what you want. Just give me enough time to put everything in order."

"Okay, your little girl can keep her fingers. But I'm warning you. I'll give you 36 hours to come across. After that you had better start opening your mail with rubber gloves."

The phone went dead and Chuck could taste the anger rising inside of him.

The night couldn't have been better if it had been made to order. Chuck stood by the window, staring out at the moonless night. A faint glow thrown by the lights of the house outlined the parking area on the left. All of Anselmo's cars were there including a big Olds that was just right for what he had in mind.

He waited until the last light in the downstairs rooms had flickered out. His window

(Continued on page 52)

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THAT'S THE LAW

TO HAVE IS TO HOLD—Coming on hard times, you fall a little behind in your payments to your bank-issued charge card. Suddenly you discover that, to ensure itself of payment, your bank has paid your charge card account in full out of your checking account without your permission. Since both charge card and checking account are at the same bank, it was a simple matter of transferring the money. Can they get away with this?

Not any more, said a California court of appeals as it ruled unconstitutional a state Banker's Lien law which had made such high-handedness legal. It held that "judicial hearing before seizure of property" was a constitutional right which could not be abridged by state statute.

■ ■ ■

EMANCIPATED—Despite all your efforts, your son is a confirmed troublemaker. Finally, a few days after his 17th birthday, he moves out, finds his own place and gets a job. Several months later he becomes seriously ill, running up some large medical bills in the hospital. When he can't come up with the cash, the hospital decides to sue you for its money. Are you liable for your son's debts?

No you're not, said a Colorado court. Had he not moved out, you would be but since he is leading an adult life on his own, the law considers he is legally "emancipated" for the remainder of his minority and solely responsible for any debts he incurs.

■ ■ ■

COUNTERING—When your boss fires you from your position as a counter man for a rent-a-car agency, he gives you a lot of hokum about job performance. But later you learn you've been replaced by a very attractive young

lady who is part of your ex-company's efforts to make rentals more appealing. Can you seek redress with the claim that you've been a victim of sex discrimination in employment?

Yes you may, ruled the California Fair Employment Practice Commission and in a similar case awarded the plaintiff a substantial amount of back pay because, it said, the plaintiff lost his job "solely because of his sex."

■ ■ ■

UNDER THE GUN—Suspecting you of being a jewel thief, the police obtain a warrant to search your home. While poking about they stumble on a private cache of machineguns and bazookas you have accumulated as part of your revolutionary political plans. Although their search warrant specifies jewels and nothing else as the object of their search, can your weapons be seized regardless and you be charged with the crime of possession?

They certainly may, ruled an Illinois court. While a warrant to search for one thing does not entitle the police to look for another, machineguns and bazookas are considered contraband and their discovery falls outside the normal restrictions on a search warrant.

■ ■ ■

BIG GAMBLER—In the face of your reputation as a drinker and gambler, your girl marries you anyway, banking on being able to change your ways after the nuptials. But the job turns out to be tougher than she'd bargained for and after three years she files for divorce. Will her suit be granted?

Sorry, said a California court. She knew about your habits before she married you and since nothing has changed, the law sees no reason her marital status should do so either.

(Continued from page 50)

swung silently to one side as he pushed it open and draped his long legs over the sill. He fumbled for a moment, then his foot caught the firm grip of the rose tree.

His descent was slow, complicated by thousands of thorns on the rose bush that bit relentlessly into his hands and face. Just above the first floor window there came a terrible loosening of wood and a stomach-souring creak as the trellis began to pull clear of its mountings.

Chuck twisted his weight to regain his balance. It was a futile art. The trellis was going down and his squinting was only speeding the process. Reaching near the top, he gripped a protruding lead pipe and without pausing for an instant swung his body and his left hand was able to seize the drain pipe. The trellis, relieved of the extra weight, swayed uncertainly and came to rest carted away from the wall at an ugly angle.

Clamping his arms around the drain pipe, he shimmied the last few feet to the ground.

Heckling in anger to make sure that his escape had gone unnoticed, he sprinted for the parking area.

The lone guard sitting on the fender of the Olds Toronado offered no resistance. He uttered a barely audible grunt as Chuck slipped him, pulled him off the car and heaved behind the wheel.

Getting out, Chuck hurried to the rear of the machine to check the engine. Answering a loud knock, he went over to open the door, but he was faster.

The Olds kicked to life with a touch of the keys and Chuck had it in gear and speeding down the driveway when the headlights came on. In the rear view mirror he could see men running after him from a distance.

A second himself sound on the left directing his men. Shots thudded against the Olds body.

He wheeled the heavy car through the last curve before the iron gates. The rear window razed into thousands of glass bits as it was passed through and buried itself in the bushes. The guard at the gate was beginning to raise his shotgun as the Olds headlight flooded the porch. Finding that there was a car, he went back for more.

An instant before the gate, Chuck ducked beneath the dash. There was the grinding sound of metal against metal and the shearing of a dozen bolts as the Olds caught the gate. The bars buckled, then exploded outward under the impact of the heavy car. The hood popped up and was thrown clear, its hinges bent beyond endurance, cracked free of their mounting bolts. The driver's side window fell away as the machine's shot gun roared and pelted the car. Blood flowed from the cuts in Chuck's face and left arm but he managed to keep the car on the road.

Sitting upright, he slammed the Olds around corners as if he was running in the Atlanta 500. He had put about six miles between himself and Anscombe when the red temperature light flickered once, then again and finally came on to stay. The guard had badly damaged the radiator and his engine was only moments away from overheating. He slid through a sharp turn in the road, stopped, then backed up, and left the now steaming Olds parked diagonally across the road. Then he slipped over the shoulder and into a drainage ditch.

Within moments a black sedan leaned heavily into the corner as its driver rolled through the turn. There was a look of awful disbelief on his face as his headlights picked out the wrecked Olds. He cut his wheels hard to the right and locked the brakes but it was useless. The sedan sailed into the rear

(Continued on page 54)



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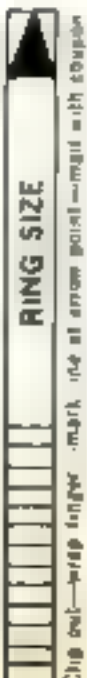
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YOU ASKED ABOUT SEX

Continued from page 8



friend has had intercourse within the last 8 hours? If not within 8, is there any time limit?

C.D. Ohio

Chemical tests of swabbing from inside her vagina could detect sperm which would indicate that intercourse had taken place within a reasonable short time—24 hours. Visual examination might also detect redness, lacerations, etc. and cutting motion inside the vagina—either caused by a penis or something similarly shaped. These are the methods police doctors use to establish that a girl has been raped. Though if you're merely worried about your girl cheating on you, I'm afraid they won't help you very much.

10. There is a college in our town, and some of the jerks there have been very big on this streaking thing. Do you think the girls who do this are easy lays? Would I be better off coming on to them than to ordinary chicks?

R.M. Tennessee

I know of no scientific studies on the courting of streakers, but my own feeling that female streakers would fall into two groups: the genuine ones who are interested who would be eager to get into bed and the pseudowingers, who use streaking as a substitute for sex. There's no harm trying, of course, but don't expect miracles.

11. If a man has been circumcized, can he still produce children?

V.Z. Indiana

Absolutely. The operation has nothing to do with fertility.

12. My husband and I have been married for 14 months. He calls me a nymphomaniac because I want sex at least once a week. Frequently weeks go by without his getting the desire. Is he abnormal for not even being aroused when I walk out of the shower nude to seduce him? Or is something wrong with me?

P.F. New Jersey

There's not necessarily anything wrong with either of you, but there's certainly something wrong with your marriage. I suggest you consult a counselor together.

13. I'm a 17-year-old male virgin. Do you think it would be advisable for me to have sex with a prostitute?

T.S. Ontario

I think it would be preferable to have sex with a girl who wants you for the same reason you want her. If your curiosity is over whelming, by all means go ahead and hire a hooker. But don't get hung up about being too old to be a virgin. Some of the happiest and sexually most fulfilled men in the world did not have first intercourse until they were out of their teens.

14. Is there any physical or psychological danger in masturbating every day?

V.D. Rhode Island

No.

15. Is it true that a man's sex life is all downhill after age 18?

C.B. New York

Most authorities consider 16 to 18 the peak years for being able to come quickly and getting another erection shortly afterward. But experience and knowledge of technique, along with psychological factors, usually make sex much more satisfying as you get older.

16. So many sex manuals advise experimenting with way-out things, but my wife and I are perfectly happy as we are. Would there be any value in our trying this stuff?

L.J. Texas

The very fact that you've written me about this makes me wonder if you're quite as happy as you say. If sex is an experimental situation, you're off by at least 100 percent. But if you're curious, give it a try. You may be very pleased with the results.

17. A girl and I had sex about 10 times. Now she claims I made her pregnant. We didn't use contraceptives, but I took my penis out of her before climaxing. Could I have made her pregnant anyway?

N.M. Washington

Yes. Some sperm cells can enter the vagina before you feel the powerful sensations of orgasm.

18. What is 'erotofilia'? I've read this word in books, but can't find it in the dictionary.

R.W. California

Erotophilia is sexual pleasure associated with saying or hearing a sex partner use words like "fuck," "cock," "prick," etc.

SPECIAL NOTE: Several months ago I wrote about penile splints for impotent men. I've been deluged with requests for more information, including the name of a physician who will perform the operation.

Regarded as major surgery, the operation costs \$3,000 to \$5,000. A clinic may run on either \$1,000. A few physicians will reduce their fee if you are short of funds, but in a way, I'm disappointed.

In any case, physicians will almost never perform the operation unless your impotence is total (i.e., you never get an erection under any circumstances) and related to physical injury or disease. In other cases, psychotherapy is the preferred treatment.

If you want help for impotence, don't seek a splint implant until you've explored other possibilities. Read "The Layman's Explanation of Human Sexual Inadequacy" by Dr. Paul J. Ghetta (Award Books, 235 East 45th St., New York, N.Y. 10017) for more information. If this doesn't help, consult a physician—preferably a urologist—who specializes in such problems.

If this doesn't help, then—and only then—should you consider an implant. In this case, send me a stamped self-addressed envelope and I'll send you the name of a physician who performs the operation.

(Continued from page 54)

long enough to hit the switch that electronically operated the forward bay doors. He heard a motor start and saw the doors slowly beginning to separate, revealing the

Scrambling into the boat, he pressed the starter and the motor coughed to life. He looked through the small windshield at the doors that were still opening. From behind him came shouts as the remaining kidnappers cleared the doors. They would be on him in seconds and the bay doors were only partly opened.

Chancing it, he pushed the throttle wide open and the boat shot forward. Securing lines ripped free as the boat ploughed through the bay doors, shearing fishing poles and running gear. He moved forward, the sound of splashing water filling the night.

Chuck wheeled the boat towards open water as the hooks broke free and started swinging. He winced as one of the stags found its mark. Tearing shirt fabric and muscle, it dug a path along the top of his shoulder. Other shots pounded into the boat's dash, sending up small explosions of wood and plastic shards as gauges flew against.

They had traveled about 100 yards when

STAG STOPPER: Here's a government press release from Swaziland: "Stop indulging in the foreign practice of committing ritual murders with the wrong belief that parts of the human body can increase agricultural production."

he noticed the boat slowing and getting sluggish. He cut the throttle, threw the engine into neutral and pushed open the cabin door. He floated in hip-deep water that was rising higher as the lake rushed through a narrow break in the bow. The garage doors had done more damage than he'd realized.

He grabbed Julie and the two of them slipped into the icy waters of the lake as reported over the gunwales.

The swim to shore was a long one. Arms and legs cramped and nearly useless after hours of being tightly bound. Julie could only float. With his last reserves of strength and a shoulder that was fast becoming numb and useless, Chuck dragged them both towards a crumbling jetty about 200 yards from the building where Julie had been kept prisoner.

In the distance, coming from the direction of the garage, Chuck heard shouts and a volley of shots. Then he saw five men leave the marina and began moving along the waterfront.

He held Julie closer as Anse and a soldier neared. Guns cradled in their arms.

Chuck's wound had been bandaged and both of them were enjoying the comfort of dry clothes and hot coffee as they sat in the kitchen of Anselma's house. Anse walked into the room, his face expressionless. He studied Julie and Chuck for a moment before he spoke.

My men tell me that you gave them a pretty hard time. They say they had to chase you all over Durban. They also say that you took on Bruno and his mob single-handed, and that you hardly left anything for them to do. It takes quite a man to do a job better than my guys.

I almost hate to say it, but you're a damn brave man. A brave man is welcome in my home.

Anse smiled as he extended his hand towards Chuck.

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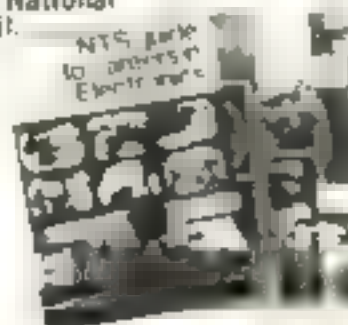
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**DEFINITELY NOT A CON GAME, FRANCHISE,
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(Continued from page 58)

compartment living in a chair with a striking distance of the doorway was another cottonmouth. I'd have like him before we could get through.

Wait here, I said, releasing Sarah's hand and giving her the lantern to hold.

With the poker lying back there in the bedroom, the only handy thing to fight with was the leather belt I wore, the kind with a heavy Big Mac' buckle on one end. Loosening it and pulling it through the loops, I crept forward letting the buckle dangle down.

After swinging once to the right of the chair in order to get the distance, I came around again and slammed the heavy book down on the snake, damn near cutting him in two. Bucking like a horse, it rolled off the chair and bounced around on the floor. The belt caught in the snake's body and before I knew what had happened, the snake and belt were all wadded up into a writhing tangle.

Looking around, I saw how much I needed that belt, too. Sarah had bucked up a few paces until her head was about a foot from the mantle. She hadn't noticed that a cottonmouth had crawled up there, a mean one.

By the time I saw him, he was drawn back into a knot, and his head was swaying slightly on his neck. A 'cotton' just like a rattler, doesn't rely on his eyes to see what he's after, but on a special heat-seeking mechanism built into his head. The mechanism is so accurate and complicated the U.S. Air Force studied it to make those Sidewinder Missiles that fly up the tail pipe of enemy planes. That cotton on the mantle then was more or less sharpening his aim by rickety his head back and forth.

Desperately, I wheeled and threw my arm in between Sarah and the snake, knowing what would happen.

He nailed me on the elbow just like I expected. But much faster. I barely knew I'd been hit until it was all over and a hot pain began screaming up my elbow all the way to my shoulder.

The cottonmouth withdrew behind a pillow on the chair and we made tracks for the kitchen before he decided to strike again and slammed the door.

Flopping down on the table, I let Sarah go to work on the bite. She rummaged in the knapsack and came out with a snakebite kit. Inside the rubber kit was a blade which she dipped in the small container of alcohol.

Let me do this, honey, she said.

Dizzy and all, the word 'honey' leapt out at me like a ghost. That was better than all those other things she had been calling me. A hell of a lot better.

When she had cut an X-shaped wound on the bite and then put the rubber suction cap on it, I rolled to a sitting position and grabbed her with my one good arm.

"Don't talk," she protested. "Keep quiet and..." Oh, Honey I'm scared I want us to get out of here alive. That's all that matters.

Okay, I told myself. Everything's hunky dorey again. At least we'd go out happy if worse came to worse.

Looking out the window, I saw that was just what had happened. There was enough light by then to see that the Tugalo had risen even higher during the night. Brown, swirling water was lapping around the foundation of the cabin and to top things off a young bear was swimming toward the cabin, obviously looking for a place to ride out the flood. In less crazy circumstances, I'd have felt sorry for the animal, watching it buck the current and then wade up to the window. Then he began clawing at the frame. He no sooner busted through, though, than a big cottonmouth hit him in the face.

It was a gruesome sight, that cotton hang-

ing from his nose and a half dozen others striking his body because he had it up to their efforts I got onto the house. Heaving in rage and pain, he sank back into the swirling muddy waters to find a more hospitable refuge. Immediately, snakes tried to fill the gaping hole in the window. It was no good. There were snakes all along the side of the cabin and it was all I could do to keep them beaten back while I wedged a canvas pack into the opening.

We had only a moment of calm before our situation got worse, though.

Water had been eating at the foundation of the cabin all night and the incessant creaks and groans under the floor told us we'd soon be floating with the rushing current.

It began when everything in the kitchen began to move. First, the big wooden table in the center of the room began to slide slowly toward the front wall. Then pots and pans got dumped out of the cupboard. The benches of the wooden stove fell, and a loud clatter boomed up a building. The confusion. The stove itself tipped over on its side finally to cover and began to slide on its side.

Sarah, caught by her feet, jerked Sarah out of the way of the falling stove and boosted her toward one of the rafters overhead. Using the table, I climbed up behind her, afraid to see what had happened when the stove smacked into the wall.

It was worse than I thought. The stove put a hole through the door and a wave of snakes poured into the kitchen, their scales scraping over the pile of broken furniture and kitchen utensils.

Reaching up, I poked a hole in the ceiling board and watched out the roof planking. Then I pushed until the nails holding a section of tin roofing gave way. I poked through into the roof and hauled Sarah up behind me.

Hang on, I yelled, looking out over the terrifying expanse of water. We were floating straight toward the swamp when the cabin caught on something and began to rise again. With water pushing at us from behind, it felt that time as if it were going to rock and be away over.

Finally, when one end of the roof was all the way down in the water, we stopped floating and hung there in the current, bobbing like a giant cork.

We'll make it, honey," I yelled, patting Sarah on the closest thing available, which happened to be her butt.

She smiled a little and for a minute, it began to feel like we were going to make it. With the rain stopped, the water would have to go down eventually. And Sam was bound to be on his way.

Then the cabin settled another foot and an incredible mass of snakes booted up from under the eaves. They headed straight for an end of the roof that hung low in the

water.

Twenty, then more, of the cottonmouths and rattlers slithered up on the roof. At first, they hung back along the waterline, but then, as more and more snakes crawled up, the braver ones inched on up the roof.

In the confusion of getting up on the roof I took no weapons, not even a stick of firewood. It would have taken a machine gun to keep them all back anyway. For a moment it crossed my mind that we would have to jump even though there was almost no chance we'd be able to stay afloat in that wild current raging through the swamp.

Then some bright thought hit me. Among the debris sweeping down toward the cabin was a wooden barrel floating on and heavy in the water. I saw it.

The poison-rummy system by then was a threatening ache in my legs and arms. I could do to keep from floating. With Sarah holding my legs, however, managed to lean out into the current and grab the drum by the rim. Hugging it like a bear, I rocked it up on the roof and lay there, gasping.

The hung on top was rusty but with a little effort it finally came loose. The barrel on its side, I sloshed about a gallon or so down the roof so it would run under the snakes, which by then were sprawled everywhere. After waiting for the fumes to blow away, I struck a waterproof match and covered my face.

The gas on the roof shot into flame. Down in the water, where most of the snakes were, a rainbow pool of gas went off like a small bomb. When the black smoke blew away the water was churning with twisting, dying snakes.

Sarah rolled up my sleeve, and I could see where the poison had traced its way up my arm all the way up my arm.

The sun had gone down in a blood-red tangle of clouds. The rain was over, but the approaching dark would make the roof a nightmare. Even with a full moon it would be difficult to spot a snake crawling up the roof.

Sarah came over and felt my forehead, then took off her blouse to cover me. I was about to nod off when we both heard a small rustling coming in the distance. Moments later a voice rang out, commanding us to be still.

Sam, the old cat, son of a bitch, he the god-damn ol'acco-chewing, bowlegged son of a wart long.

Half crazy with poison, I called him all sorts of things in my head. He had made it through, high water and all.

Hold it, Mix Thomas. You too, Hank. Got some honey needs done' here," he croaked mysteriously.

Looking up, I saw the problem. Sarah and I had been so busy fighting the snakes on the roof we didn't notice that a big cottonmouth had slithered down a limb right over us.

"Come on, Sam. You old

Before I could call him any more names, he cut loose with that deer gun of his. The slug blew the cotton's head wide open. Bits of flesh and bone splattered my foot. The snake fell and hit the water with a satisfying flop.

When we hit the dock an hour later, Sam packed us into his hunting truck and whizzed off to the hospital. It was the next morning before I came to with a bottle of something running through a needle into my arm.

A little later, a herd of reporters came in asking me how I felt. What my reaction was to the experience. That sort of thing. One of the reporters was Sam's oldest kid so I told 'em all to go to hell but him. That's how he got the story.

But even he had to wait a while, because Sarah and I had something to do before we talked to anybody.

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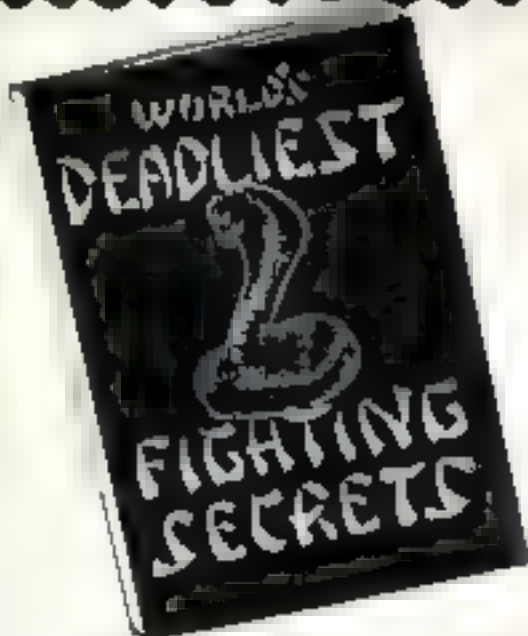
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MAN'S WORLD MEMO

WHERE GIRLS HAVE THEIR FIRST SEX—"I couldn't believe I was finally doing it," admitted Anna L., a Pittsburgh secretary. "My boyfriend and I were home alone and I went upstairs to take a quick bath. Next thing I knew, he had come into the bathroom, stripped down to his skin and was standing over the tub looking at me. Somehow, the sight of him all aroused broke down the last barrier. Before I realized it, he had slipped into the tub with me and we both went crazy." This was one of

1,000 tape-recorded memories in which girls all across the country were asked to tell where they had indulged in intercourse for the first time. Over 70% had their first full experience in bed—usually in their own homes—with a motel running a close second. Next most popular sex scene was the automobile, followed by a secluded clearing in a field or woods. But among the more unusual 150 "first sex" spots recorded by the girls were these: a basement pool table, the bottom of a canoe inside a linen closet in a hospital (she was a nurse), the lavatory on a transcontinental plane (she was a stewardess), on a cemetery tombstone, standing up on a N.Y. subway train and inside the Lincoln Memorial in Washington D.C.



GAS CRISIS RIP-OFF—You may be one of those sucked in by the slickest con job born in the middle of



the recent gasoline shortage. If you were, you probably remember pulling your car into a long line at a service station that was pumping gas. As you sat there sweating out your turn, you were approached by a leather-jacketed worker who made his way down the row of cars.

"Here's your receipt for \$3 worth of gas—that's all we're selling today. To save time, pay me now, then hand this receipt to the man at the pump when you get there." It sounded so reasonable, you shelled out the money, took the receipt, and kept inching your way up to the tanks. The rub was that once you got there, the attendant looked at you like you were nuts. "Look bud," he said, "I don't know nothing about your receipt. You didn't pay me, and until you do, you get no gas." As for the guy who collected your \$3, he kept going down the line picking up the cash, then disappearing once he hit the tail end.

HOUSEWIVES WHO PERFORM ORAL SEX WITH EACH OTHER

They are not lesbians, yet in any community these women will seek each other out. They are women who need a certain amount of oral sex performed on them, but who are either too embarrassed to suggest it to their husbands, or whose husbands just don't dig it. To supplement their sexual needs, these women hunt others like themselves, get together

on weekday afternoons for oral sex parties. In almost all cases, the attachments are not lasting love affairs.

Merely an erotic romp in an area they can't share with their spouses. Usually the women will indulge in manual foreplay until they are aroused enough to take care of each other orally. In almost every instance, once the husband agrees to indulge in this type of sex act with her, the woman immediately stops a woman to woman act.

CALL GIRL NUDIST COLONY

A group of 25 top call girls have chipped in and bought a complete nudist colony setup in a secluded area of Pennsylvania. For the month of July and August, they will staff the place, devoting their summer to catering to a select list of customers. Men who are invited pay a flat fee



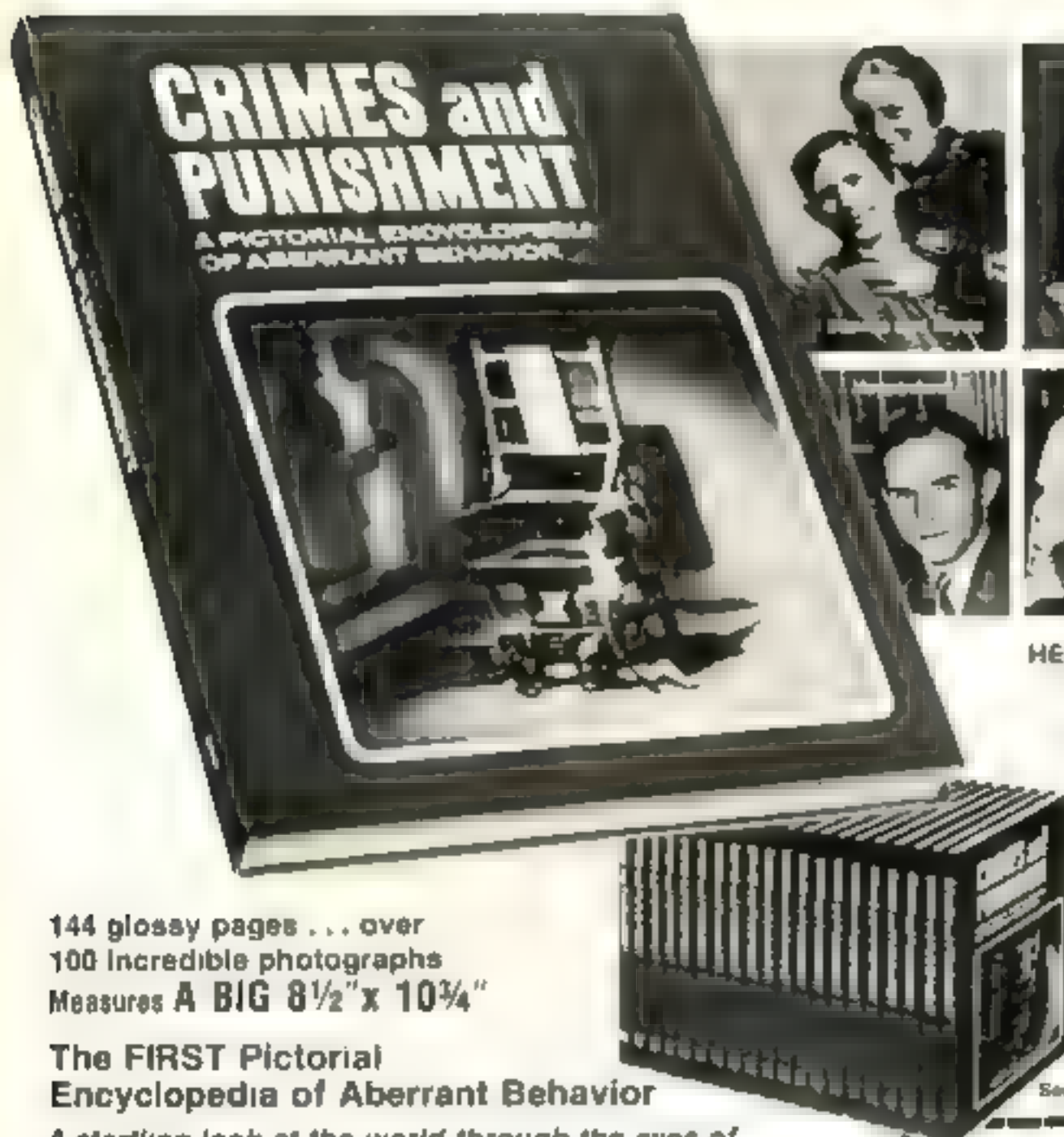
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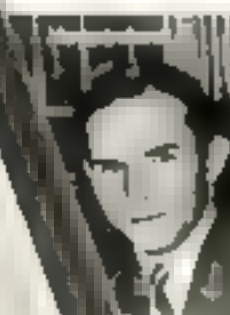
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“Pimp Patrol”

Continued from page 13

I searched all over town for Slater. We knew where he lived on my old Peacock Lane.

Peacock Lane is a three-block stretch where the Macs hang out. It's sort of like the Stock Exchange of the prostitution trade, where people in the sex business stock every night to catch up on the latest gossip, compare notes, swap information.

Saturday night, pimps were overflowing the sidewalks, strutting and god-damn dressed to kill. I was cruising a block long. Kathy decided the assignment for Slater. All in all, it was a pretty good night.

He's not going to be easy," she observed as I pulled up to the curb. "He's with Jimmy Denver."

Denver was an ex-heavyweight boxer who served as Slater's bodyguard. An old man with his hands were scratched in too many punches in the ring, and he had a temper as unstable as cello. I told Kathy to call for a backup team, in case there was trouble.

Don't get yourself killed on our last lay," she said.

Right I had forgotten that this was our last day on the vice squad. After my two-week vacation, I would be transferred to homicide while Kathy was assigned to head up the new rape division that was being formed. I gave her a peck on the cheek and stepped into the street.

Woody's was packed wall to wall, the bartenders scurrying back and forth like rats mopped in the hold of a sinking ship. Conversation had become shouts as the customers struggled to be heard above the juke box blaring out a Motown song.

It took a few seconds for my eyes to become accustomed to the dim light. Then I recognized Slater and Denver sitting alone in one of the back booths. I shouldered my way to their table and joined them. They seemed surprised to see me. Denver whisked his hands under the table, but not before I caught a glimpse of his battered knuckles.

Fort yourself, Big Man?"

He squirmed, but only a little. "You know how it goes. Still do a little on the heavy bag in the gym."

"That bag have a picture of Doris Haley on it?" I was talking to Denver, but my eyes were on Slater.

He puffed out and looked up at the ceiling. "Yeah. Heard something about a job on his. The guys get a lot of work."

I took the warrant from my coat pocket, put it on the table, and said it to him. "This paper says you did it."

The pimp and his bodyguard exchanged looks. Slater took off his wide-brimmed hat, mopped his forehead with a napkin, and fingered the hat band. "She came at me with a knife. Denver had to stop her from killing me. It was self-defense. Denver's my witness."

That was when I slugged him. Not because I was angry but because of what his fingers were doing. They were feeling behind the hat band, a pimp's favorite hiding place for the single-edged razor blade each one carries.

Blood spurted from his mouth and splattered my raincoat. I reached across, grabbed his blue satin shirt and yanked down. His nose crunched as it made contact with the Formica table top.

Denver's lumbering brain was slow to

react, but when it did, he was like a wounded bear. He shot a right at me, which I was only partially able to dodge because I was still sitting. His fist grazed the side of my head and set my ears ringing. He reared up to follow through. I jammed the table into his midsection, jumped to my feet and went for my 38. I had it halfway out of the holster when I stopped. There were too many spectators, and an accidental shooting of an innocent bystander—even if he was a pimp—would look crummy on my record.

The delay gave Denver enough time to catch his second wind. He grabbed the table like it was cardboard, hoisted it above his head and hurled it at me. I ducked, then straightened to meet his charge.

Now I know what a naked bullfighter feels like when he's facing an enraged animal. I swung putting every ounce of my 170 pounds behind a shot to Denver's solar plexus and it bounced off after meeting muscle the consistency of a truck tire. Denver then reached his massive arms for me, ignoring the blows I connected to his face, and gathered me to him pinning my arms to my sides.

He squeezed.

It was like being trapped in a human metal press. I felt my rib cage slowly giving way and tried battering him with my forehand. If he felt it, it didn't make him loosen his grip.

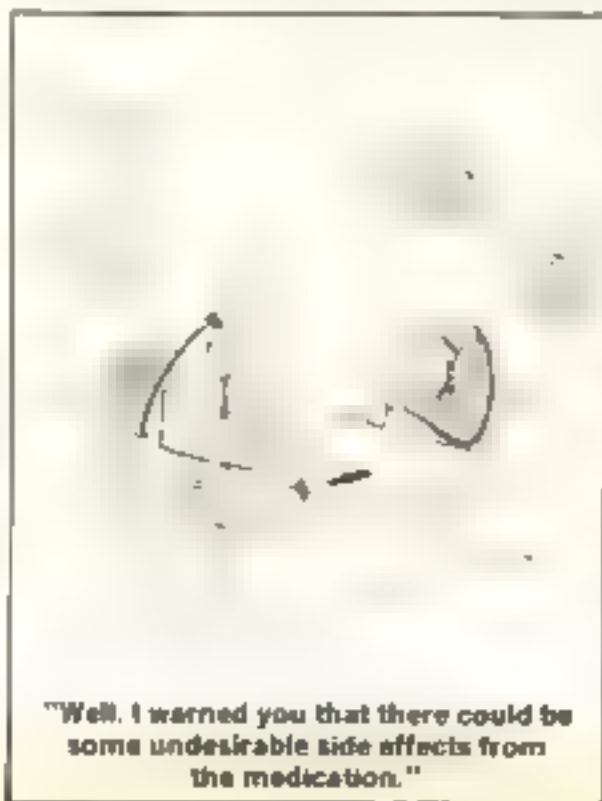
I sank my teeth into the flesh on the side of his face and bit for all I was worth. He yowled and dropped me to the floor.

I started backing to the door, praying that the support team that Kathy I requested over the radio would arrive there before Denver got to me again.

I never did make it. The solid press of onlookers in the bar blocked my way.

Denver closed for the kill. He threw two into my way. I managed to block them, but each blow sent shocks of pain up my arms. He crouched and came in and it was then I decided to use my gun, and the hell with a stray bullet hitting one of the customers.

One of them shouted, "Kill the Pig."



"Well, I warned you that there could be some undesirable side effects from the medication."

Denver?" and the others threw in their own comments. Denver took his attention off me for a second and stopped in the middle of his shuffle to acknowledge his admirers. I was all I needed. Making me a play kicker in a football team, my shoe sunk into his groin. He groped, roared, doubled over and wretched. I swiped up a beer bottle from one of the tables and shattered it over his scalp. He went down.

Slowly the cops filtered out of Peacock. The show was over and in a couple of minutes the place would be crawling with cops. Kathy came in and dabbed at my eye brow with a vodka-soaked bar rag. I alternately cursed the stinging, and the backup team that was taking its own sweet time arriving.

Kathy was always making apologies for the force. "It's Saturday night. You know how traffic is."

I mumbled something about what they could do with Saturday night. Kathy said she'd rather do it with me.

I looked at my watch. It was almost 12:30 A.M. I'd been out there for an hour and of the vice squad for nearly a full hour. I punched the vodka bottle out of her hand, raised it to the ceiling, toasted, "Here's to the Pimp Patrol! There'll never be another one like it!", tilted the bottle to my lips and drank a quarter of its contents.

Kathy laughed, kissed my cheek and whispered, "Thanks for this beer. Three years I'll never forget. There were tears in her eyes. There were tears in mine, too. Those bastards at City Hall were breaking up a partnership that from the moment I was born, was inevitably destined to be called "Pimp Patrol." It was a title Kathy and I wore with pride.

If ever a partnership had a crazy reason for being formed, it was the Pimp Patrol. Its date of birth was February 1971. I had been working for a while, and had just passed my Sergeant's exam. When the Pimp Patrol was formed, I was given congratulatory letters. Instead of letters, we to appear at the Deputy Mayor's office for an hour. "Don't ask questions. You'll find out why when you get there." His parting good-bye didn't exactly put me at ease. He sounded like he was bidding farewell to a lamb being led to the slaughter.

The patrol car that deposited me at City Hall dropped me right in the middle of a picket line. Neither the mayor nor I moved from our seats. We sat there, stunned beyond bewilderment. More than 100 prostitutes, bearing signs reading "Save Us From The Pimps", Hooker Power, and the one that really got me, "An Honest Minute's Pay For An Honest Minute's Lay", were pacing the front of the building. The cops on pocket line duty looked dumbfounded.

The Deputy Mayor was standing with his back to me, staring out the window and down at the marching whores, when I entered. He motioned me to a chair and collapsed into his own behind a desk. Deep worry lines creased his young features. I felt that the demonstration outside had something to do with his harassed condition. I was sure that I had something to show him being here.

"Miss M... here?" An intercom broke the silence that hung heavy in the air.

"Send her in," the Deputy Mayor muttered.

And I got my first glimpse at my future partner, although I didn't know just then. She was tall and even the severe policeman's uniform she was wearing couldn't hide a truly dynamite body. She brushed away a strand of black hair which fell across her eyes and inspected me. I was hoping I'd

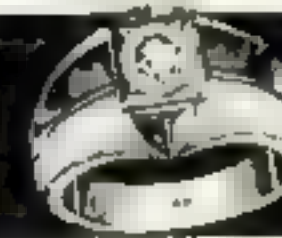
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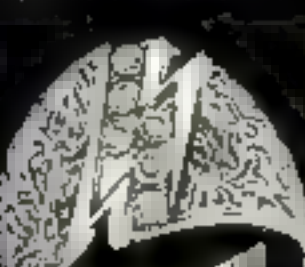
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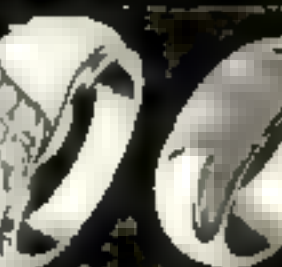
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(Continued from page 66)

a deadly weapon. The recipient of the sentence was Ken Driscoll, and a meaner, more vicious pimp never walked the street.

As usual, Kathy first got word of Driscoll's racket in a bar. Some prostitutes were complaining about some of their clients being drawn away to a house where only teenagers were used. "Jesus, those kids will do anything a john asks for." Stuff even I wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. There's only one way that bastard Driscoll can get those teen boppers to do what they do. He's hooking 'em on dope.

It took me a month before Kathy was able to reconstruct the way Driscoll operated.

He hung out at the out-of-town bus terminal all day, keeping an eye on the arrivals gate. Because of the relatively cheap fares that the lines charge, teenagers use them to fly to cities. When Driscoll spotted a good prospect, he managed to meet her, bought her a well-meal, and offered her the use of his pad until she found a place of her own. His manner was smooth, designed to win the cooperation of the girl. Nine out of ten times, she was up his offer of help.

One day, Driscoll slipped sleep into the girl's drink. While she was unconscious, he administered doses of heroin in a teeny, tiny amount. For more, he'd work the girl was kept under sedation, and he was addicted. Afterward, there was only one way to feed her habit. He hooked her on Driscoll.

When the Captain heard the story, he almost had the roof. "Said the son of a bitch," he growled. "Nail him hard." Since all of his operations depended on Driscoll for their daily doses, we knew there was no chance of any of them testifying against him. So we had to catch him. It took a week of trying a shot.

"How do you think you'd look as a pimp?" the Captain asked me.

The next day, "Bad Ass" Crooke showed up at the bus terminal, dressed to kill. A beautiful, sweet, young runaway got off a bus. Driscoll and I made straight for her. I got to her first.

The pimp shot a menacing look at me and stalked away. I took the girl into a coffee shop, bought her a cake, thanked her and put her into a cab. She was a very young-looking policewoman.

The day after that, the same scene was repeated, with a different policewoman. And the day after that, and the day after that, Driscoll was getting competition, and he didn't like it.

At the end of the week, he approached me at the waiting gate. "Hey, man, I've got the word of us cutting each other's throats."

I gave him a look that told him I wasn't interested in what he had to say. But Driscoll was a persistent bastard. And he was a fantastic salesman. No wonder so many girls had fallen for his spiel. In an hour I had him convinced that I was ready to throw in with him. "But I gotta see your set up, man."

He took me to a three-story house in a working-class section of town. We entered a living room where he found one or two dozen kids, none of them over 17, were lounging around in bras and panties. Each had the far-off look of a person high on drugs. I'd seen the look before, when I worked narcotics.

Driscoll explained his operation. It was just as Kathy had told me.

The following day I delivered my contribution to the partnership to the house Driscoll was pleased. Her name was Irene, and she was a fantastic-looking girl who had "just stepped off" the bus from out of town. Driscoll made her a drink. I mixed my own,

then sat next to Irene. I told her about all the exciting things she'd find in the city. Then she got up, put my arm around Driscoll's shoulders and drew him aside.

"When are you going to shoot her up?"

As soon as she could, I put enough dope in her drink to send her to sleep in about 10 minutes.

She'd drop off alright, but not to dream land. She was another undercover policewoman, and we'd planned beforehand that she'd switch her drink with mine when I diverted Driscoll's attention.

We turned back to Irene. She was a great actress. Her head nodded as she started to drift off. Her eyelids drooped, then opened, then drooped again. Finally, the glass dropped from her hand and she plopped her head on my shoulder.

Driscoll smiled. He picked her up and carried her to a bedroom. I followed him, his back to me, he and her on the bed and prepared to inject into Irene's arm. I photographed this whole procedure with a 35mm camera which I had kept in my pocket. When the syringe was only inches from Irene's skin, I knocked it from his hand and announced that he was under arrest. Irene sat up. Driscoll swung around to face me. I showed him the camera.

"You got everything?" he asked.

I nodded.

Driscoll rammed his elbow into my gut. I fell against the door post and banged the back of my head. Then he ran for the stairs, bounded up the steps. I raced after him, and gained the second landing just as the door at the far end of the hallway slammed. I tried the knob. It was locked. Shots rang out. I was in a room. My face splintered as I hit the door. I brought each one moving up to my eyes. I threw myself against the door.

From inside the room, I heard the sound of a window being opened. Then more shots. Irene was covering the back. We had Driscoll trapped.

I kicked at the lock. It gave way, and the door swung open. Two more shots passed from the room, the bullets imbedding in the opposite wall of the hallway. I dove into the room, landed on the floor and rolled to the side. Then I froze. Driscoll hadn't fired, as I anticipated he would. He waited till I was inside, and had me squarely in his sights.

Don't move, cup. I'd hate to hurt you. You're my girl. He came to the window and looked down to Irene. "I've got your friend here. Back off or I'll drop him."

I got to my feet slowly. My arms stretched out to show him I wasn't armed. Now one of my hands was above a dresser. I moved it back more, wiping a bottle of aftershave lotion off the top, and threw myself in the opposite direction. His muscles reacted naturally. He shot at the first sound. The bullet is falling to the floor. He corrected his mistake, but he had spent his last bullet.

Then I went at him the image of those doped-up teenagers I had seen the day before fresh in my mind. I must have rained a dozen punches on his face before Irene veiled for me to lay off.

In a safe in the room we found more than 100 pictures of men caught in the act with the teenage hookers. And my hat about the Deputy Mayor was right. His photograph was among them. Besides running a whorehouse, Driscoll was blackmailing had the leaders of the city. We turned the evidence over to the D.A. But by the time Driscoll's case went to court, the extortion charges had been dropped because the photographs were missing. It wasn't very hard to figure out what had happened to them.

If the Driscoll assignment was our must

(Continued on page 70)

Leading Automotive Expert Reveals:

How To Squeeze up to 32 Miles From Each Gallon of Gas!—

by making these few simple adjustments in your car!

Yes, Proven by Detroit Engineers

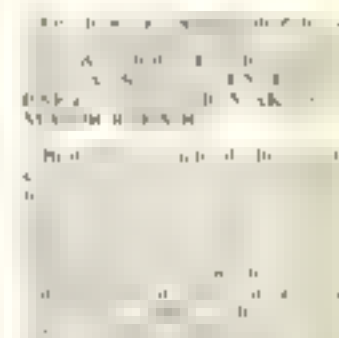
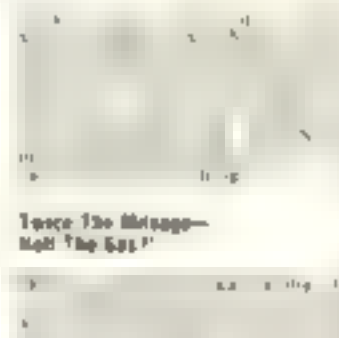
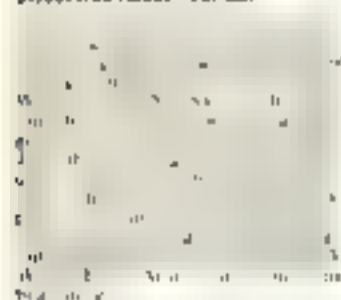
Proven by Indianapolis Test-Drivers

without investing a single penny in tad gimmicks, or gadgets—in less than 5 minutes time—with barely more than a screwdriver—you can squeeze up to 6—10—EVEN 12 MORE MILES of driving from each gallon of gas—no matter whether you're driving a Volkswagen or a Cadillac* Think of it: Up to 22—26—EVEN 30 MILES OR MORE PER GALLON—even on cars over 100,000 miles old.*

by Ed Almquist, Member, Society Automotive Engineers

If you've just about had it with the gasoline shortage—if you're sick and tired of outrageous gas prices—less than the open market—its a fact discovered by automotive engineers—about your car's gas mileage. You can squeeze up to 6—10—EVEN 12 MORE MILES PER GALLON AT FIRST DAY. Yes, anywhere from 6 to 12 MORE MILES PER GALLON—just by making a few simple changes in the engine of your car. Changes so ridiculously easy you can often make them in just 5 minutes flat—even if you never looked under the hood of your car before.

Here's What These Engineers Discovered About Your Car:



PROVE IT YOURSELF

The following inside secrets of my new book can easily mean savings of about 3 to 4 more miles per gallon—PLUS add up to 40,000 miles in the life of your spare parts. PLUS convert your present car battery into one that can last the life of your car—one that should never fail you again. All in all these professional shortcuts to SUPER MILEAGE, SUPER ECONOMY DRIVING may mean savings of anywhere from \$75 to \$250 in the next 90 days alone.

Here's All You Do:

1. How To Beat The Number One Gas Thief—In just 60 seconds—by turning a screw!—you can get up to 10% more miles per gallon. The secret is in the way the gas flows into the engine. By turning a screw, you can adjust the gas flow to the engine. This is a simple adjustment that can be made in just 60 seconds. It can save you up to 10% more miles per gallon. This is a simple adjustment that can be made in just 60 seconds. It can save you up to 10% more miles per gallon.

2. How To Beat The Number One Gas Thief—In just 60 seconds—by turning a screw!—you can get up to 10% more miles per gallon. The secret is in the way the gas flows into the engine. By turning a screw, you can adjust the gas flow to the engine. This is a simple adjustment that can be made in just 60 seconds. It can save you up to 10% more miles per gallon. This is a simple adjustment that can be made in just 60 seconds. It can save you up to 10% more miles per gallon.

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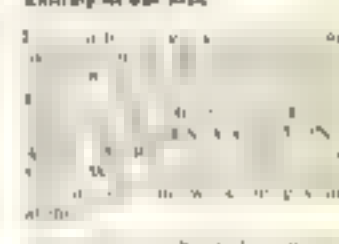
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MGB to you," he said, interrupting. "And get your Goddamned hands off my car before I break them for you."

Now I interrupted.

Willie, the next time you see even one bit of good old harmless grass here in River, I am going to roll your cute little car over with you underneath and set it on fire.

To his credit, he did not flinch. "You can suck my you-know-what," he said.

We came off our cycles like cavalrymen from their horses. Willie tried to vault me? His own seat belts trapped him. We began rocking his car on its springs. On the fifth tilt it lifted on two wheels, then turned turtle.

Ch-Christ, but his lo-lo-lyh-leg's sticking out. Claw Claw said: Claw-Claw's real name is Claude. Claude Joyner. He has stuttered fiercely since childhood. He pronounced his own name in a manner that reflects the impediment. Claw Claw. The rest of us addressed him in that way. It must be duh-damned near p-p-punched off caught like that.

It must have been. Who cared? In fact his leg was broken under the weight of his car.

MGB was lucky at that. When we left him there squirming for his hern-worshipping junkie kids to see, we did not burn him.

It would be admirable to be able to say that our MGB police action was rooted in altruism and good.

There was some of that behind it. I personally have no use for drugs, the people who use them or the people who sell them. That may sound nuts coming from someone who was running the "Saturday Night Specials," one of the new street gangs enjoying a rebirth in the major cities today. But it's true. And anyone who hangs in with me had better have no use I ever hear about.

But the main reason for leaning on MGB was pure selfishness.

The drug thing and toad pushers like MGB was beginning to bring city and state narcotics men (uniformed and undercover both) into the River District. The Specials did not need police of any kind in River. Because one thing was obvious: When the police finished busting up MGB and the other toads in the drug trade, they would inevitably turn to the Saturday Night Specials as their next targets. When they did, goodbye burglary, numbers and the other profitable minor crime monopolies we were just beginning to enjoy.

So, we decided: the drug trade had to go from the River District.

Now, this was a big order. There were probably 300 or so known junkies there. They represented a lot of housecleaning.

But there were only six major suppliers. MGB being the main man.

The strategy, then, was get rid of the six and the 300 would then get rid of themselves. They would have to find their supplies somewhere else.

After we rolled his car onto his leg, MGB never sold an aspirin in Indianapolis.

Only one other lesson was necessary. We removed the heads of the two nasty Doberman attack dogs owned by the number two

"Saturday Night Specials"

Continued from page 35

man and set them beside his head on his pillow while he slept one night. There was a joint in the mouth of each dog.

The remaining four got the message. The police did not exact a name for vigilante methods. We had done the job for them. They really did not care whether we and the junkie killed each other or not. The important thing was we had performed an important service at an important time.

The Memorial Day Indianapolis 500 auto race was coming up in a few weeks. What with the fuel shortages shaping up that spring and drivers and spectators getting killed everywhere and giving auto racing a bad-ass name, Indianapolis and the Indy 500 image did not need the bad public relations a big drug problem would bring.

And in a sense the city did show its gratitude. For a while they quit papering us with traffic violations on our cars and motorcycles. The pressure on us as a gang was off as long as we did not leave our River District and dirty up the rest of town.

It was my own brother who undid all of this dubious good will and turned the city against us in one night. Talk about needless, callous foolishness.

That same May 14, my little brother Clyde Weber and a couple of other old boys from the Specials drank a lot of truck's State. Now, State is only supposed to be beer.

When he's drunk, Clyde's meaner than a stockyard cat. On this night Clyde and Mott and Vex—my brother's man and his girl friend—naked from their car in the woods where they were screwing up a storm.

At first Clyde only had notions of taking their clothes so they'd have to drive home naked and explain that to other people. But then little brother Clyde decided he wanted some of the woman himself. So while Vex and Mott sat on this man, Clyde dropped his pants and pushed the woman onto the hood of the boy friend's car with his a how squashing her throat. Now, this just about drove the man nuts. When you're nuts that way, you suddenly take on the strength of ten, as the Bible says. (This is true. Once in Vietnam when my patrol was bushwhacked by Cong throwing grenades all over us, I picked up a 120-lb. Browning aircooled 50 from the mount on the weapons carrier and went into the woods after the bastards. I remember handling the thing as though it were a water pistol.)

This man kneed Mott in the crotch and punched Vex 25 feet into the lake. He landed in Clyde's back and carried Clyde, the woman and himself across the hood. It took the three of them (Clyde, Mott and Vex) making wet) to secure him again.

In Clyde's warped view at that time, where the hell did that naked son of a bitch get the balls to think he had the right to lift his hand against three men who were raping his girl?

So Clyde pounded him with a rock then lifted him like he was a log and ran him head first into a tree.

All the while the woman was making sounds like a factory whistle.

(Continued on page 74)

A NEW JOE WEIDER SCIENTIFIC WEIGHT-GAINING BREAKTHROUGH

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From near death by tuberculosis, emphysema, chronic bronchitis, alcoholism, and drug addiction, Charlie Kemp gained 65 pounds of solid muscle, added inches to his boulder-sized biceps to his chest, and learned to walk again. He lost his leg and returned his waist to 30 inches. He is now a body-building champion through the use of Joe Weider's CRASH WEIGHT GAIN FORMULA.

A Long History of Physical Weakness Problems

Charlie's trouble started early. All his life he had been sick and sick. By the time he was 20 he had developed asthma and at 26 his left lung had collapsed. For three years he had to live with the fact that his left lung had collapsed and he had to live with his right lung. He had to live with his right lung and he had to live with his right lung. He had to live with his right lung and he had to live with his right lung.

But when things looked darkest, they got darker. His drinking habit brought on heart problems and in 1951 he had a heart attack. He had to live with the fact that he had a heart attack and he had to live with his heart attack. He had to live with his heart attack and he had to live with his heart attack.

For a full year, psychiatrists held Charlie's psyche but when he was released, emphysema hit again and his right lung collapsed once more. Was his life really doomed?

His heart failed again. Surgery started the collapsing of his lung and entered the diseased portion. And when he was released, he found new determination to rebuild his body. But at what cost? He had to live with the fact that he had a heart attack and he had to live with his heart attack.

Weider Formula/Method Creates a New Life!

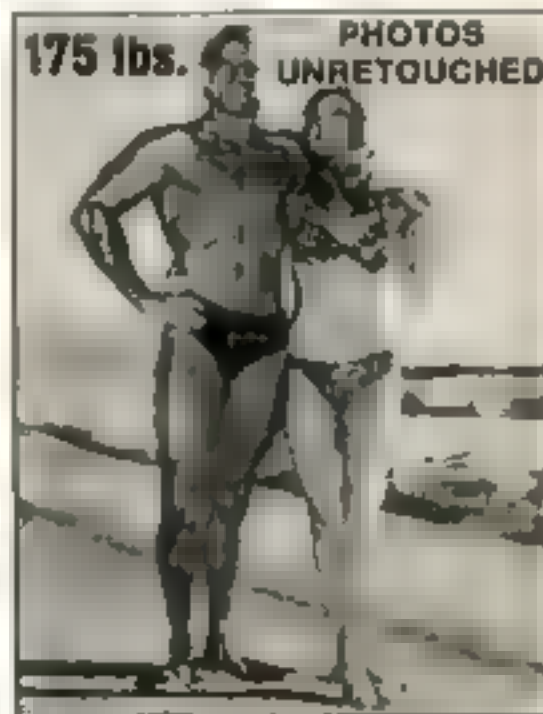
Charlie discovered Joe Weider's CRASH WEIGHT GAIN FORMULA and by the end, altered his eating habits as prescribed in him by Joe Weider and gained a new life. He daily exercises which helped to turn the weight gain he made into a firm, muscular and handsome body.

His progress is astounding. You see here the gains he made—absolutely phenomenal! Especially for a man entering his 40's and a truly great testimonial for the Weider System and Crash Weight Gain Formula.

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110 lbs.
Tuberculosis, emphysema, chronic bronchitis, alcoholism, and drug addiction. Charlie Kemp gained 65 pounds of solid muscle, added inches to his boulder-sized biceps to his chest, and learned to walk again.



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	BEFORE	AFTER	GAINS
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Calfs	10	16	6 in
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(Continued from page 72)

So Clyde shot her twice in the belly with the .25 Beretta he carried in his boot top holster. Clyde never could stand screaming women. Mott knew things had gone too far. He stopped Clyde with a swift fist behind his right ear. Mott and Vinyl dragged Clyde by the ankles to their own car and got out of there.

The woman was Marajune Lampley. The man was Pete Jacks. Both lived. And both remembered enough to state that one of the tacker was called Clyde and that all three wore field jackets bearing the smoking revolver emblem of the Saturday Night Specials on their back.

Clyde and Mott and Vinyl had their morning coffee in the Indianapolis house. Up to this point we had not really made a difference in a gang in Indianapolis...
 But as long as we weren't too rough everyone was content to keep us under surveillance but leave us in peace.

But then mad little brother Clyde bashed the man's head and dulled forever a fine engineering mind and shot the woman so bad she would never have babies.

Forget it. We were no longer just a minor nuisance in large city life. We were Adolf Hitler and the hitler-pugle came to destroy the town.

Newspapers and news magazines and radio and TV...
 They wanted our blood.

The "Treatment" seemed the first and best immediate way to reverse all that. I telephoned Marajune Lampley's hospital room that afternoon. It did not seem likely that she herself would answer a family number if a nurse sure. But she did in a weak voice.

How would you like someone to stick that gun right in your back next time?



"I warned you not to go in there when it's on automatic pilot."

and pull the trigger?" I asked.

There was a long pause, then a whisper: "God, who is this?"

I didn't respond. I said only, "Tell them that on second thought you're not sure any more that those three did it."

Then I hung up. Peter Jacks' mother got a similar telephone call from Maggie, one of our women known for her soft baby voice. She also responded nicely to The Treatment. She went into nervous collapse.

We kept up the treatment two more days, working in relay shifts. Lampley and Jacks or their families received a call every hour 24 hours a day, citing bad things which would happen if they did not do the right thing and realize they had been mistaken in their identification of the Saturday Night Specials.

These unpleasantnesses might not happen right away. Perhaps not for a month or a year or a year. But they would happen. How would they like living with that threat every day?

The Treatment succeeded. Our three were released on lack of evidence and positive identification.

There was only to celebrate the victory. We rode out to Crescent Lake that night to honor the release of the River District Three: a convoy of cars bearing about 40 of us and a pillar of air-packs.

There was new meat with us that night, a pair of blonde twin sisters up from Springfield, Missouri, in their daddy's camper for the race. They had this thing about going down on men, both of them. Oh, they liked the...
 they could race and watch each other in expressions.

So we had them going...
 Some other...

Only 17 years old and they knew so much. The twins said they'd like to stay with us for a while after the race. They'd heard about us, Clyde in particular. And that was their fascination. They just loved the...
 Street gangs everywhere attract nuts like that.

Indianapolis was not going to let Clyde and Vinyl and Mott go away with that kind of outrage and murder order of course.

The police started in on us the day after the victory celebration at the lake. There were police all over the district, not locking us up, but harassing us. They ticketed our cars and cycles if they were one inch inside the fire hydrant limit. They jailed us as public nuisances for having improper motor cycle mufflers. They closed down a storefront vegetable and grocery commissary we were trying to operate for blacks and migrant farm workers in one of the ghetto blocks. They stopped us on the street and shook us down for drugs they knew we did not hold.

Claw-Claw had the misfortune to be true the innocent party in a vehicle accident. The car driven by some 80-year-old man rammed him broadside at an intersection. The old man admitted he did not see the red light. Claw-Claw's Harley was badly bent. But...
 Claw protested being shoved into the cage.

(Continued on page 76)

"I'm sick of my job... I wish there was a better and more exciting way to earn a living."

♂ A man has a right to grow sick of his job for a lot of different reasons. Take not enough take home pay. Not enough job security. Or just not enough opportunity to achieve the kind of success you've always wanted.

And if you're married, you have an additional problem. Because sometimes it's hard for a woman to understand that knowing you have to work for a living the rest of your life is one thing—but sticking to a job you hate just to bring in a weekly paycheck may be asking too much.

The question is, what can you do about it? How can you continue bringing home the money you now make on your present job and at the same time, start preparing for a new and more rewarding profession?

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No. We were a classic segment of the street gang renaissance in the country today. This renaissance began in the South

(Continued on page 78)

THREE HEADS OF HAIR... where little or none grew before!



This man had been virtually bald for over 20 years. But look at the difference!



New hope for baldness? This man will emphatically say Yes! You can see why.



These photographs show hair roots were revived in bald and thinning areas.

THANKS TO THE BRANDENFELS HOME SYSTEM!

Here are three of the thousands of men, women and children who have told Carl Brandenfels of the benefits obtained through home use of his formula and massage system. In a 1961 letter he reported total more than 25,000 (CPA audited) and told of one of more of these results:

- ✓ Renewed Hair Growth
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- ✓ Relief from Dandruff Scale
- ✓ Improved Scalp Conditions

If you are losing your hair or are bald you can take hope from the heartwarming experience of these three men. Their results

show again that even where there is no hair on the scalp the roots (or follicles) may be still alive—in many cases lacking only the proper stimulation to bring them back into production.

While results may vary with individuals because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions. The Brandenfels Home Plan does offer real and tangible prospects of success in a substantial proportion of cases. Photographs on this page show exact conditions of hair growth when the pictures were taken. They are not retouched.

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DRAWINGS EXPLAIN MIRACLE OF HAIR REGROWTH



1. These drawings show what happens when the roots (or follicles) are not alive. This is an average hair follicle. It is plugged and the opening plugged with a solid, scarred and rough skin. The dot is diagnosed.



2. During use of the Brandenfels Applications and Massage, an improved condition of the follicle was noted. The follicle is now plugged and the plug is disappearing and there is a visible sign of a tiny hair in the follicle.



3. Now the follicle is producing hair. These sketches were made from biopsies on a test group of people who volunteered to participate in this hair regrowth study. Subdermal research project conducted by medical doctors and technicians.

HAVE CONFIDENCE IN WHAT WE SAY

All letters and testimonials quoted here are bona fide. All hair pictures are not as obvious as those never retouched.

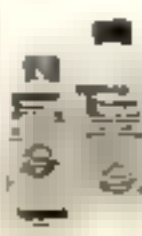
Against a million dollars in hair loss, Carl Brandenfels relies on the expert opinion of competent medical doctors and clinicians who conducted tests and made observations that showed hair regrowth in many cases with the use of Brandenfels Home System.

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dandruff scale, excessive hair loss and improved scalp conditions have been audited and attested to by multiple impartial, certified CPAs.

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Testimonials may be seen at Scappoose, Oregon, when permission has been given.



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(Continued from page 76)

held us two hours sitting by the side of the road with our hands clamped on our heads. They let us go in the end only because the women began howling that they would wet their pants if the police did not let them go to the toilet somewhere.

After that we opened the wine. By night fall we were a drunk, angry bunch careening about the meadows and highways outside the city, a bomb looking for some place to go.

We were passing a cemetery.

It does not matter who had the idea.

We all seemed to understand at the same time.

We wheeled in one mass flanking turn and rode like Cossacks among the tombstones.

We dug into a couple of the graves with shovels from our tool shed. We broke the doors of the coffins. The skeletons and bodies inside were nothing new to the men among us, we had seen them before in The Nam.

We rubbed them, grabbing rings and watches with one hand, clamping our noses shut with thumbs and forefingers of the other hand. The musty decay smell, to a way had.

And those twins Lou and Louise would do anything you told them to do when they were drunk.

When the state police came and went off back, we had the twins sitting on a tombstone, her sitting down around their ankles, getting themselves off to everyone's lawn.

So I went through another 1974.

But I could not go on.

If you must pick one date on which the Saturday Night Spectacular went out of business, pick April 3, 1974.

It happened, in fact, while the editors of STATs were in Indianapolis gathering material about the re-emergence of the gangs and us.

It is fitting that the date is now April 3—F's Day. For in our growing cockiness we forgot the one commandment of people on wheels: the law should follow. Never kill a cop.

When you kill a cop, they hunt you with all means.

About a dozen Veterans of Foreign Wars howling league types came to Juley's Bar on Water Street that night. There was no mistaking what they wanted when they came in and began spreading themselves out on both sides. It was a command to all of us, local citizenry. The objective: Rush some Saturday Night Spectacular heads. Juley's was the right place to find us, it was one of our hangouts.

The VFW types were rough boys. They did not talk. They just began. They broke one of our people's shoulders with a pool cue. Things grew only worse from there.

But even though we were only seven SNs to their 12, we were meaner by nature. That made up the difference in numbers. We carried the fight into the street, a mass of bodies, clean through the curtains and glass of Juley's plate windows (the fourth time in a year).

We were hitting the remaining five still up when the police motorcycle cavalry appeared around the corner at each end of the block. They had us all, attackers and our selves alike, boxed. The police infantry appeared coming over the back fences.

The attackers, I knew, would somehow be filtered through the police line and vanish. We, the victims, would get our heads smashed. We would be jailed.

I yelled to the others. Split. Make the best escape they could for themselves. For once there was no sense in hanging together. In doing so we would only hang together.

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I slipped, in fact, was sharing a short
nap. There I was, in a deep escape to the
road. I was, he drove up, in the rear
dropping like a stone into the yard.
Over a fence. Under and around cars
in a lot. Out onto a brightly lit street
brushing myself off and picking random
up items from beneath my skin.

I was scared. But safe I had made it.
Like hell!
The two officers had evidently seen me go
up and over.

They came skidding around the corner on
the r b g blue Electra Glide Harley, antan
side whipping air, to intercept me.

The lead man was a sergeant, he yelled
and goggled. An enormous man. On a
Harley was like big enough.

He knew his business, too. He came lean-
ing from his saddle, swinging his club low
like a cavalryman attacking with a saber.
He missed only because I dropped to the
pavement beneath his swing, losing some
more skin as I rolled away.

By the time I was up and running there
was no place to run.

The sergeant was coming right on my
right. His backup man was just sitting
there, engine idling now, squeezing me on
the left.

There seemed no way out of this but one.
Unorthodox. And, by them, unexpected.

I had seen South Vietnamese students do
it in Saigon demonstrating against police
there in street riots.

Instead of fleeing, I charged the sergeant
on his bike. Head on. A man's not
supposed to charge attacking motor cycles.
He is supposed to run from them and a
car can be run down.

The sergeant wavered. He tried to swerve
and avoid the collision.

Our combined approach speeds were
about 30-35 mph when I leaped, sailed
across his handlebars into his chest and car-

ried us both at the back of his cycle.
For the Vietnamese kids, this worked as a
getaway. We tried it here.

It did not work for me.
I broke my leg in the crashdown. The
jagged bone spike came out through the
calf. There was a lot of arterial blood spur-
ting from the exit wound.

It hurt only for a second. The shock of a
wound like that can bring on almost instant
unconsciousness. As things quieted, as peo-
ple ringed us, I heard the other policeman
saying that the hippie son of a bitch was
dead.

Just as well he believed that.
Had he thought I was still alive, he proba-
bly would have emptied his .38 into my
head.

I had hit the sergeant too hard going over
the handlebars.

I had broken his neck.
The sergeant was really dead.

EDITOR'S NOTE Gene Webber is cur-
rently jailed on various felony charges in-
cluding homicide. With Webber lost to
them, the Saturday Night Specials are with-
out central leadership. The organization is
fragmenting and will probably disband.
Webber will serve 10 to 15 years for involun-
tary manslaughter of a police officer when
the trial is done. This is the best he can ex-
pect. Webber is not surprised at this. He
himself said it earlier, when you kill a cop
they never let you go.

10 to 15 years. Whether you judge Gene
Webber as good or bad, the irony of this
sentence is nonetheless enormous, bitter
and unescapable. Webber stayed with his
gang, "his people," only to serve as their
peacemaker. Yet, Gene Webber is now the
only SNS serving any time in any jail any-
where.)

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Peterson, Eugene. *Islands*

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he had sketched, it "might look

Fortunately, the scheme was a hoax, because the Orlando Police decided to call the blackmailer's bluff. Later that week, they arrested a 14-year-old boy who had gathered all his information about 21 bombs from a popular city councilman.

Further down in one laughed, least of all the judge who had to sentence the boy. Realizing the danger of increasing the youth's "anti-social tendencies", he paroled him into the care of local scientists instead of sending him to jail.

Get the message? When a 14-year-old kid can make a police chief, a judge and the U.S. Air Force quake in their collective boots, something serious is going on.

What happened while no one was paying any attention is fairly straightforward. The government has let the atomic cat out of the box.

That's right. The underworld and that includes terrorists and psychopaths as well as blackguards can now get no more of a fix on its goals. Right now the information and means are available so that people can begin picking A bombs instead of the sweet-scented shagbark and mossy cockles.

The problem is serious, a forthcoming Ford Foundation report notes. It is a parade of horrors: rising Mideast chaos; fanatics who put themselves before the world as bombers with a rage to destroy and a terminal desperadoes who bring down tens of thousands in an effort to gain political leverage.

To get a true picture of the danger, imagine for a moment the Black September Organization, that band of Arab terrorists that shot up the Summer Olympics in Munich. Now put an A Bomb in their arsenal and a chip on their shoulder about U.S. po-



"I hope you remembered to pick up an instruction book."

Continued from page 30

Species in the *M. densa* Group

Would they blow up a city? Your city? You'd better be sure it. Men like those pose one of the gravest nuclear threats since the A Bomb was first developed in the 1940's.

But how did this come about? Isn't the government guarding nuclear weapons as closely as a mother hen? No, they can't get at them. And isn't it impossible for anyone but a government scientist to make an A-Bomb?

The answer to these questions is
Maybe... and NO

The notion that atomic secrets are still buried under the Pentagon somewhere is a dangerous myth that may someday cost you your life. Every year it's getting easier for almost anyone to make a bomb, and the government's warning this threat away is failing to sing to the raw emotions or subconscious thinking. In fact the next nuclear explosion could be a homemade job cooked up by a teen hood in a basement.

Moreover, that laser has the modest though look of the dangerous post-apocalyptic ready-made nuclear weapon simply being stolen. Sure, this is the stuff writers up a imaginary yarns about all the time. But don't kid yourself: the Pentagon is playing war games and mapping out contingencies. **It's not a joke. It really does happen.**

And, first, the terrorist groups. Very recently, these terrorists and other fringe groups are becoming better organized and equipped all the time. And, second, the number of nuclear weapons stockpiled around the world is increasing at a staggering rate.

In NATO alone, for example, there are over 100,000 nuclear weapons — and tens of thousands of smaller tactical nuclear weapons. Each one of these devices is a possible grab-off target for groups like the Black September Organization, which has automatic weapons and helicopters at its disposal to help with the holdup. If this group can stage a seizure on the home of Munich last summer, what's to prevent it from holding up a lovely nuclear depot and flying away with enough bombs to blow New York or Chicago.

Thus, though we upset the House for parliament last August that it passed down unprecedented short-term orders for all glasses of nuclear fuel in one, three months after the Atom Energy Law was passed followed and obviously no one completely dismisses the idea that a bomb will someday be stolen.

With the number of nuclear weapons increasing so fast there's the possibility too that a bomb will be lost. That's precisely what happened in 1966 when an American B-52 collided with a KC-135 jet tanker over southern Spain.

Among the debris that rained from the sky that day were four Hydrogen Bombs packing the combined whallop of 100 million tons of TNT. Two of the bombs cracked open on impact, spewing radioactivity over a quarter mile area. A third was found at

in net.

And the fourth? It was gone! Vanished without a trace.

For eighty days, the world held its breath. Had the 20 megaton bomb fallen into the hands of terrorists? Was the government going to be ransomed for its return?

Nearly three months after the crash, the bomb was finally located near a live mine out in the Mediterranean. The story had a happy ending. But what about next time? Will the last weapon mushroom into the world's consciousness from an alley in Washington, D.C.?

These kinds of imaginings are scary enough, but they pale in comparison to the kind of scenarios made possible by the private nuclear industry in the U.S. Reasonable efforts (but are "reasonable" precautions really enough) are being made to guard nuclear weapons in the field, but the same is not true of dangerous nuclear materials that form part of the fuel cycle of atomic power plants all over the country. What a catastrophe has raged about the loss of these materials and the danger they pose.

The government has not been honest. The government has not been honest. The government has not been honest. That some of the stuff these plants burn and produce—like Plutonium 239 and Uranium 235—is nuclear gunpowder waiting for the torch.

Dangerous. Only 132 pounds of U-235 survived Hiroshima, and a wad of it is the nuclear material needed to level Nagasaki.

Marked and never handled as dangerous materials, these Plutonium 239 and Uranium 235 are being sold to the public. "If the Black September Organization had 100 grams of it, it's all they would need to wreck havoc."

You mean they could make a bomb out of it themselves?

Exactly! The outlaw who gets his hands on weapons-grade material like P239 or U-235 is three-fourths of the way to making a bomb all ready. For years, the difficulty in obtaining this kind of material has been about the only thing keeping the bomb from spreading all over the world—and at the moment, it's not.

Look at it this way: An Atomic Bomb is nothing more than a chain reaction, which occurs by itself when enough high-grade fuel (the "critical" thing) nuclear material is put together.

The bomb that destroyed Hiroshima, for example, was just a huge gun barrel—fired at both ends. On one end was a mass of plutonium. On the other end was a mass of uranium, which was also composed of plutonium. It's set off by one heard around the world. The scientists had only known that by let down the barrel into the mass of plutonium, it would start the reaction. An explosion equivalent to 100 tons of TNT.

Most of the secrets that were surrounded the manufacture of atomic bombs had to do with the amount of material (called "critical mass") needed to start a chain reaction. This bit of information is absolutely necessary if an Atomic Bomb is going to be set off, or not to blow himself up, or produce a bomb that won't go off.

All of this information is now available in a book entitled "The Los Alamos Primer." The government will sell it to anyone—no questions asked—for only \$2.95.

If the would-be atomic terrorist has any trouble, he can go to buy the "Manhattan District History Project." The Los Alamos Project. The document, costing a mere \$4.00, contains a technical description of all the problems that came up during the construction of the world's first atomic bomb. Once classified super secret, it's a kind of recipe book for anyone with the right materials to cook up nuclear trouble.

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Atomic Energy Commission from any "liabilities . . . for damages resulting from the use of information . . . in the report." Why it was declassified at all is anyone's guess.

At any rate, the technical data needed to make a bomb is readily available. What about equipment then?

According to the Dr. Taylor who helped build almost all of America's atomic bombs, the complexity of the entire bomb-making operation (if the starting point were weapons grade material) would be no greater than that involved in converting the opium base to heroin. The underworld, of course, has been making heroin for years.

Food for thought. A raid on one of these heroin factories a few years ago turned up some equipment that had been stolen from a nuclear fuel processing plant.

O bviously, then, the missing link that has kept the bomb from spreading all over the place is the unavailability of weapons grade nuclear materials. In that sense they are the most crucial substances in recent history. Guarding them is—literally—a matter of life and death.

And yet it's these matters that the private nuclear industry and the Atomic Energy Commission are playing games with over the country.

Here's the idea of the incredible seriousness involved in the handling of this material. The Atomic Energy Commission misplaced over 200 pounds of high grade Uranium in the mid 60's. It simply disappeared from a nuclear fuel processing plant. The loss was never traced or reported. That's 10 million bucks worth of potent Uranium enough to make a bomb with the size of the one that destroyed Hiroshima.

And the private nuclear industry is no better. Every step of the nuclear fuel processing cycle is shot through the loopholes and gaps which dangerous quantities of weapons grade material can trickie through into the wrong hands. The fuel plants themselves operate on the principal that a certain amount of M.F.I. Material is inevitable. In other words, the plants are operated like a cement factory, where the management expects a cer-

tain amount to fly out the window in the form of dust.

The Atomic Energy Commission (which is supposed to be looking after your safety in nuclear matters), argues vehemently that the present MUF standards pose no threat. But listen to this from a man who says he was fired for speaking his mind as director of Nuclear Materials Safeguards at the AEC.

The aggregate MUF from fuel plants is expressible in tons," Charles Thornton told New Yorker Magazine recently. "You could divert nuclear materials from any plant, in substantial quantities, and never be detected."

Russell Winchow, president of Nuclear Auditing and Testing Company had this to say about the industry's ability to keep up with these materials.

If any segment of the industry wanted to divert it, it could . . . gram quantities—kilogram quantities. . . . When you found out it would be too late.

It would be too late because the MUF safeguard system at these plants is oriented toward detecting thefts that have already occurred rather than preventing them from taking place. With this in mind, imagine a thief already looking for ways to divert these materials where Plutonium is being salvaged from spent reactor fuel.

Since private nuclear industry requires virtually no security clearances, our imaginary technician could be almost anyone—even a member of the ruthless Symbionese Army that has reportedly been assassinating people on the street in California. By manipulating a few pipes, let's say, he manages a way to divert Plutonium. If he wanted to keep his cover for a while, he'd divert only small quantities at a given time so the plant would not record its MUF allotment. If he were in a hurry, he'd simply disappear with an enormous quantity. Either way, by the time a red light finally flashed on a computer, our technician could be in a basement somewhere cooking up a nuclear surprise for San Francisco or New Orleans.

As serious as the MUF loopholes are, even more serious gaps in security open once private nuclear industry begins shipping things around. Experts agree, for example, that the legal narcotics industry is far more careful

with opium shipments than the nuclear industry is with Plutonium shipments.

Sure, opium is dangerous stuff. It's the raw material for heroin, which creates addicts, who terrorize city people. But Plutonium, my friend, is the raw material for bombs. Atomic Bombs!

Think for a minute how easy it would have been to hijack an unguarded truck that lugged over 2 Kilograms of Plutonium last year a long way from Washington State to Oklahoma. Ask any crosscountry trucker he'll tell you there's a lot of lonely road in that part of the U.S. One punk with a shotgun and a boulder could have pulled a heat the whole world worried about.

In a recent study of the trucking industry, a panel of experts in Michigan determined that nearly \$1 billion worth of goods are lost or stolen every year from trucks. Unquestionably, some of those goods go to mobsters heavily involved in trucking all over the country. Most, though, was simply pilfered from the back of open flat bed trucks. Obviously, that Washington Oklahoma Plutonium shipment was an invitation to disaster, tied as it was to the back of a flat bed truck with a calling card on the back reading, "DANGER PLUTONIUM."

Commercial airline shipments are just as bad. In 1973, according to a prestigious Washington, D.C. publication, a shipment of nuclear material sufficient to make a bomb was aboard an airliner hijacked to Cuba. Fortunately, neither Cuban official nor the hijacker knew what kind of cargo was aboard. And that's just one example among many.

The scary thing about this kind of carelessness is how little weapons grade material is needed to make a bomb. The trigger quantity for Plutonium is a mere 2 Kilograms. For Uranium it's only 5 Kilograms.

No one knows precisely how much of this material is floating aimlessly around the country, but it has been estimated that private American companies will soon own more Plutonium than exists in all the NATO bombs. One poorly guarded storage facility alone, in West Valley, New York, has a capacity of 2,000 Kilograms of Plutonium . . . enough to make a thousand bombs.

These numbers are growing, too, by leaps and bounds. At the end of 1973, there were 42 nuclear power plants churning out Plutonium as a by product. Fifty six more plants are being built, and 14 additional ones are in the drawing boards.

It is expected that these new plants and others yet to be built will, at the end of 1976 the amount of Plutonium produced in 1974. By the year 2,000, according to AEC forecasts, the 1974 amount will have sextupled.

The whole situation is frightening, according to W. A. Higginbotham of Brookhaven Laboratory. "Time is running out."

Actually, it's been running out since 1954 when the government ushered in its celebrated "Atoms For Peace Program." At that time, many of the restrictions on nuclear materials were lifted or loosened so private industry could begin harnessing the atom for peaceful purposes like the generation of electric power.

And for a while, at least, the AEC did keep its grip on potentially dangerous nuclear materials. As recently as 1970, in fact, the AEC was still buying and storing all the Plutonium produced by private industry.

Theoretically, the commission still controls these materials by acting as the industry's watchdog. How well the set up has worked should be obvious by the number of holes that have opened up in the safeguard system.

The chances of these holes being plugged in the immediate future are not very good.

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83

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One of the new, more expensive academies was located on West 44th Ave. at the end of Sunset Boulevard. It's housed in a white stone building, and the more expensive rooms are in the basement. The room I went to was a small swimming pool that, at night, is lit from under the water with colored lights.

A feature of this academy is its athletic program.

In addition to the swimming courses given in the rooms of the academy, there is a swimming pool in the basement where, under the supervision of the instructors, students not only the butterfly and side strokes of swimming to develop the necessary muscles, but ways of making love under water.

"You'd be surprised," one girl at this academy told this reporter, "how many guys who are a ready terrific lovers come to us and to other places like ours, to learn as much as they can about making love. They have a good time, sure. But they appreciate the value to them of picking up any new tips that will make them even better lovers than they already are."

I asked this girl how far out they will go in terms of demonstrating or indulging in various sex acts.

"We go practically the whole distance," she told me. "Today, for example, both men and women are lots freer sexually than they were even ten years ago. They're not ashamed to ask each other to perform acts they'd be scared or ashamed of not too long ago. Anything that's fun and doesn't tear your head off is O.K. But we have him to take we don't cater to any man who comes in and asks to whip to be whipped or anything like that. There's a dump out in Burbank that specializes in all the S & M stuff a guy would need to be the Marquis de Sade himself. If that's a guy's bag, it's O.K. with me. But I don't play that way."

There are other "specialty" academies

such as "The Institute of Oral Sex," located in Santa Monica Boulevard.

Here a man can observe or take part in many varieties of homosexual acts.

There are also demonstration classes consisting of five to five to a dozen men each paying \$2.50 to thirty dollars to see.

Two girls and one man combine their skills to demonstrate different kinds and positions of fecal and anal intercourse. The two girls work together, then with the male in structure. And in addition to these

classroom sessions, a man can receive personal instruction from one or more girls in the privacy of a small bedroom, which is conveniently equipped with a mirror so that a student can observe his own progress.

Back in the class, a man has the choice of watching the two girls perform cunnilingus on each other and then fellatio with the aid of a dildo that is remarkably life-like, or joining the girls as they instruct and perform at the same time.

In keeping with the Institute's policy of specializing only in oral sex, a man has to pay under the table to have intercourse with one or more of his instructors.

A 25-year-old bachelor who works at an aircraft manufacturing plant just outside of Los Angeles, was present at the demonstration session this reporter witnessed at The Institute of Oral Sex.

I later asked him if he frequented these academies mainly to have a girl or for the various forms of sexual instruction they offer.

"Like any guy my age these days," he told this reporter, "I can get pretty much all I want in the way of free and free stuff."

"I don't know about the other guys we saw, but I get a kick out of a girl showing me something new. Just listening to her talk

the whole thing out is a kick. No chick, no matter how wild she is with you, is going to give you a talk trip like you get in these places. I don't mean I like this better than just having a nice woman. It's something else, something different. I go to one of these places maybe once a month, or less."

He'd ever brought a girl friend to one of these academies.

One sweet lady, she was married, asked me to take her. She had heard about them and was determined to ask her husband to take her, just like she's ashamed to ask her husband to let her do a lot of wild things she does with me.

It was a hot night. We were in the main room watching two girls demonstrating different ways to go down on the fore I knew it, my sweet lady is right in there with them. It was the wildest sex show I've ever seen. I'll tell you that much. And both she and I learned a few new tricks that night too. So we did get an education."

A new variation on these academies is a place located on Hollywood Boulevard.

In a three-story frame house dating back to the fabulous "anything goes" Twenties era there is a set-up that calls itself The School of Erotic Photography. Here is the ads put it. The men take notes with cameras.

Yet it was not just another of the nude photo studios that are found today in every big city. Here "students" are lectured, by a scantily clad girl, on the ways to light and photograph subjects in action—sexual action—that is.

The models may be two or three naked girls performing various sex acts, or a combination of men and women going through a long, tangled routine that students can photograph from any angle and from as close as they wish.

One feature of these sessions that is

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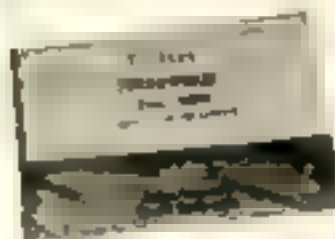
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a ways appreciated by the students is when a female member of the class announces she's sick of taking pictures—she wants to strip and get into the pictures. This is a successful variation of those strippers in the old days of real burlesque who would come up from the audience fully clothed, and strip out out of a spangled and specially designed costume, but out of ordinary street clothes—a gimmick that always proved to be more exciting than the regular stripper acts.

The school, naturally, rents cameras to students and will develop and return their film. For a sizable fee, since no legitimate photo-processing service would develop the kinds of pictures that are taken at these sessions.

If, after the general class session, a man wishes to have a private session with one or more of the girls, he can do so for an additional fee of \$30-per-girl for a half hour. The girls will pose for any kind of pictures he may want to take. And for another fee, will perform either fellatio or intercourse with him. And a surprising number of the men who make a point of either bringing their own or renting a Polaroid camera want to have photographs taken of themselves with the girl or girls.

An establishment called The Nude Game Room, located on Hill Street in downtown Los Angeles has a different gimmick.

Less elegant than the male sex academies, located mostly in Hollywood, The Nude Game Room takes up most of the sex one floor is a strand of the landing.

In three rooms, instruction is given by nude teachers in what are referred to as sexual games. In the horse race game, for example, women on separate beds serve as mounts for the men, "jockeys." The object of the game is for the two men to ride their mounts for as long as possible in order to reach the finish line.

The girls, during the race, cry or moan or speak encouragement to their jockeys as each tries to continue having intercourse for as long as possible. Sometimes bets are made between friends or between men who met for the first time at the establishment, though gambling is not necessary.

A group game where men can also play

their bets is one in which two or three girls perform cunnilingus on two or three of the other girls. The winner in this game is the girl who can bring her partner to "orgasm" first.

Though these "orgasms" are always simulated, the girls put on a good show and the muted cheering from bystanders gives one the feeling he is at some bizarre kind of erotic race track.

Following any of the game sessions, turned-on spectators are invited to join any one or more of the girls in a private room. Fees for the additional curriculum are from \$25 for a half hour to \$40 for a full hour.

What brought about these new academies of sexual learning?

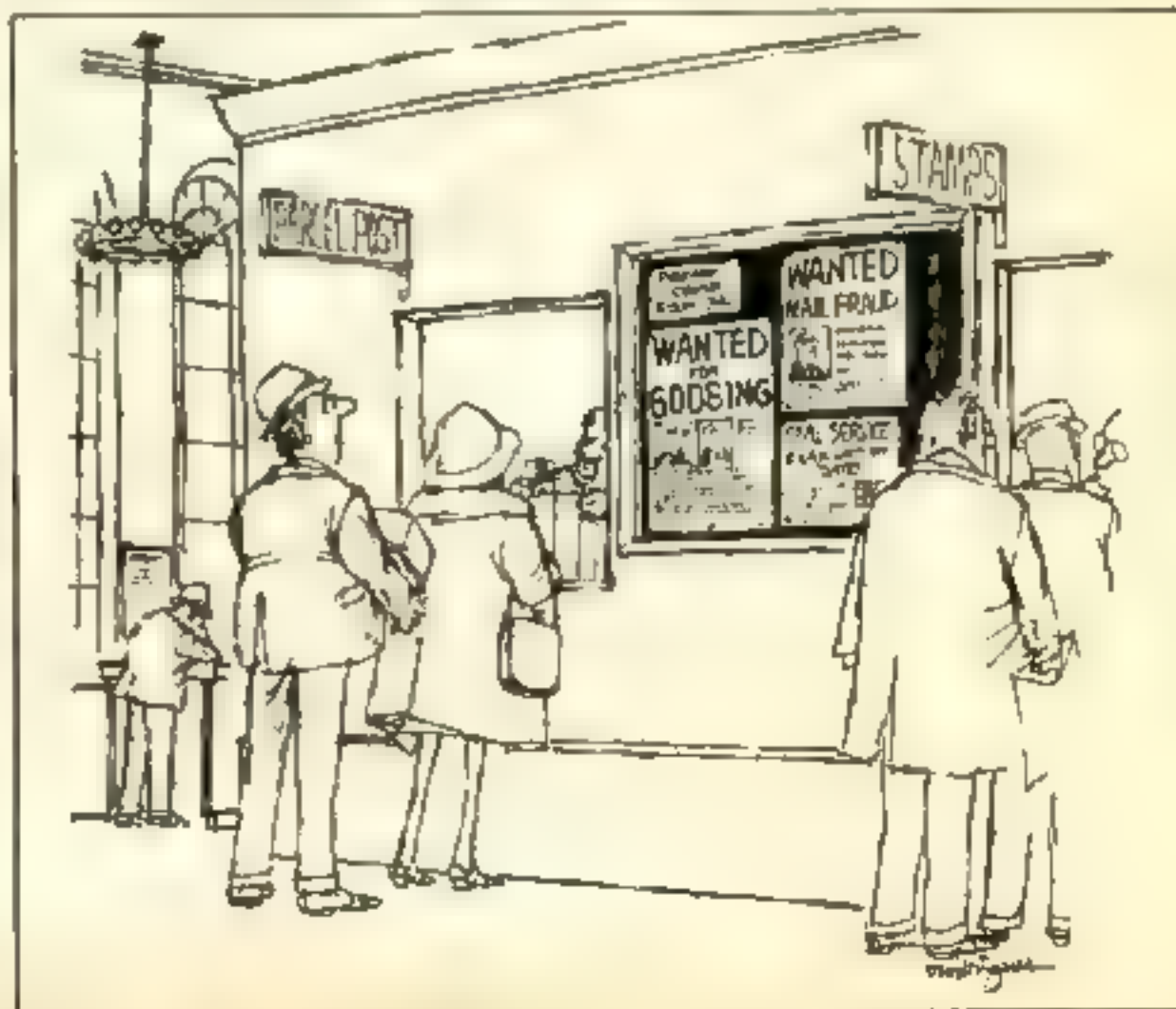
Kelley G., 27-year-old "dean" of The Hollywood Sex College, on Wilshire Boulevard, told this reporter: "Out here, there's so much free and beautiful stuff available for the men, as pros have got to keep on our toes to think up something new to attract even the jaded Hollywood male."

Girls who were busting at the seams a few years were starting to drift. At some of the old reliable pick-up clubs or cab-girls, a man has to push his way through a crowd of young single swingers who are as anxious to get laid that night as he is.

I know from friends that it's getting to be the same in other cities too. Here in Hollywood, there has now been too much amateur free stuff for call-girls to feel comfortable.

"These sex academies, so far, have been doing a land office business. We do, after all, offer more than even the best amateur can give a man. Here he gets laid and a sex education and/or show combined. What man wouldn't enjoy being handed a degree that certified he was a 'Master of Sexual Arts'?"

And at "The Hollywood Sex College," a man, when he has completed his night's studies and is on his way out, is handed just such a degree—which he may either take away or hang, framed, over his bed, so the next girl who climbs into it will know immediately the kind of sexual scholar who it is a treat to make love to her. ♦♦♦



How your Horoscope can bring you wealth, love, success and happiness.

by Norman P. Kennedy

Did you know your horoscope could mean the difference between happiness or sorrow between success or failure?

Picture a long room with doors at each end. In this room there is money, attractive persons of the opposite sex, books that tell you the secret of happiness and many other valuable articles. But, also in this room are bottomless pits, traps, hostile persons and dangerous beasts chained in various places around the room. You may walk through this room, but you may take out of it anything you can.

Now if you had a choice, would you choose to 1) go through the room blindfolded or 2) go through the room with your eyes open and with written instructions on which places and people to visit or avoid?

Of course, all of us would pick the second choice in a case such as this. Isn't it ridiculous then that we would choose to go through life in the same situation blindfolded? Even when there is a means to go through life with a map and our eyes wide open? The means provided is Astrology. The map is our astrological horoscope.

How does it work? Nature shows imprints each of us at the time of birth when the umbilical cord is cut. We then become ourselves. Until the cord is cut, we are part of our mother. Why? How we presently do not know. The movement of the large solar bodies then times potentials for events in our lives. Astrology does not cause events but timing of events. But it is not fortune telling. It is a prediction of potentials which free will can override.

What does a natal horoscope analysis by a qualified astrologer contain? A natal horoscope analysis contains the best psychological analysis of yourself that you can get today. Because in a controlled experiment in 1968, astrologers beat psychologists in predicting case histories.

In addition, a natal horoscope analysis includes a discussion on the following: career, health, family, love, money, and other early home

environment, relationships with family, relatives and parents; love life and marriage; children, career and occupation; hopes, wishes and goals, and subconscious attitudes. In a major analysis, a natal horoscope is also included.

Many people think that astrology only appeals to "way out" unscientific people. Nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, it is shown that astrology appeals most to intelligent and logical people. Famous scientists, Albert Einstein, Carl Jung, Johannes Kepler, Robert Hooke, Tycho Bache and Albert Einstein all believed in astrology.

Your horoscope can help you be in the right place at the right time.

Your horoscope can help you avoid disasters while guiding you to your beneficial opportunities.

Did you know that astrology helped the allies win World War II? The allies used astrologers. The axis powers used astrology. Playing astrology, but they were not aware of it. When the allies were together, Karl Ernst Krafft predicted the exact date and place of an attempt on Hitler's life in 1949. Hitler then he was a prisoner were conspiring against him so they were imprisoned.

Hitler turned back to astrology to help him. He was able to escape in the end. He was able to escape in the end. He was able to escape in the end.

More on avoiding disaster, came these stories from a recent article in the Miami Herald newspaper. The article tells the story of Mary Kelly, a Miami computer programmer who heeded the advice of her horoscope which warned her of a wrong medical diagnosis. She avoided an unnecessary operation that would have left her a cripple.

The Miami Herald also told the story of astrologer Clifford McMullen, who is George McMullen's personal astrologer. He warned McMullen that he could be poisoned. That he would win the lottery. He won the lottery.



Astrology Today

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would lose badly to President Nixon in the November election.

Your horoscope can bring you wealth. Famous business tycoon, J.P. Morgan, used astrology to acquire his fortune. Morgan did not make a financial move without checking his natal horoscope forecast.

From an article in the Miami Herald came this story:

Stock brokers on Wall Street are as likely to call an astrologer in this decade as Hollywood film stars would call a psychiatrist in the 1930s. A 75 year old retired businessman who lives in Clearwater has made \$100,000 from the stock market in 13 years by using astrology as an investment guide.

Your horoscope can show you the way to success and happiness in love and marriage. Horoscopes of Grace Kelly and Jackie Kennedy predicted their current successful marriages. Grace Kelly to Prince Ranier and Jackie Kennedy to John F. Kennedy.

Prince Ranier and Prince Ranier have recently been married together by a Catholic priest. K. H. Clayton. As with many other people, your horoscope can help you find and keep a lasting and meaningful relationship.

Now and then, the ages ago, a good astrology analysis has meant success for many people. In other cases many men have missed their opportunity, some with tragic consequences such as Adolf Hitler.

What you miss your success opportunity. What you miss your success opportunity. What you miss your success opportunity.

Today, for the first time, you can have your natal horoscope cast and analyzed. You can get it for only the cost to make your duplicate copy. You get the expensive casting and analyzing process FREE. The article below will tell you how. The means are available but the choice is yours.

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HOW TO GET YOUR NATAL HOROSCOPE FOR ONLY THE COST OF MAKING COPIES.

Send me your exact time and place of birth. I'll cast and analyze your natal horoscope for research purposes. You may have duplicate copies of your horoscope for only \$3.00 the cost to make your copies plus postage and handling costs. You get the expensive casting and analyzing process FREE, because of the fact that we must produce your horoscope for research anyhow.

Your natal horoscope will consist of nine pages and over 3,000 words. Your natal horoscope will contain your psychological analysis plus a discussion of the following: your love life; financial outlook; marriage, family and children relationships; career and occupations; hopes, wishes and goals; and subconscious attitudes. A horoscope of this type would cost up to \$300 if done by an astrologer.

I will cast your horoscope with the help of our 360° 65 L.B.M. computer, which contains over 24 million bits of information. Your horoscope will not be the worthless type found in daily newspapers. Your natal horoscope will be cast from your exact time and place of birth for you and you alone.

THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO CATCH. I need this information for my astrological research. I am looking for certain planet configurations. If you are chosen as a research subject, I will mail to you a research questionnaire. If you fill out and return this questionnaire, you will be entitled to extra bonuses.

There is no need to worry about finding out about an unavoidable coming disaster thru your chart. As mentioned, astrology deals in potentials. Your free will can override potentials if you know about them. In any case, the policy

of qualified astrologers is positive astrology. If there is something negative in your chart, you are told what you can do to make it positive.

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TRUE BOOK BONUS

MY LIFE WITH THE HEADHUNTERS

(Continued from page 20)

Panggul's huge eyes filled with the tears that come from a stinging, personal hurt.

"No danger," he said. "Dyak only honor dead in first ceremony. They happy you here. Very special honor for Dyak."

We left our jewelry in the boat. It was possible that rings, ident. cation bracelets, wrist-watches would confuse a primitive people.

Outside it was dark. The warm green smell of the jungle assaulted our nostrils with its heaviness as we stepped barefoot off the boat.

There was no moonlight.

Moonlight mingled by their songs much softer than usual, and other night insects bumped into us with their soft bodies. The moon unveiled itself from a cloud and threw a dusky glow upon the ground, and crawling words were everywhere. A light turned off his flashlight and the sound from the switch was deafening.

Suddenly there was a rustling in the trees behind me, and a tiny brown deer began to perch on itself through the darkness. It withdrew and was swallowed up in the night before it could really be seen.

There was a skittering movement on the right, and again we had a fleeting glimpse of a barred and indefinite face.

We hovered together in a bush, but Panggul stood with his back toward us, a few feet away, and was peering into the jungle growth. I turned to look at Panggul and saw behind him, above his shoulder, a pair of frightened black eyes piercing their way through the dark, quite near and very still. Something glinted brightly above his left shoulder: metal, a blade of some kind, perhaps a spear.

Beside it, another face filtered through the darkness, and another and still another until we were surrounded by twenty-five or thirty tiny brown-skinned men. All of them were cut from the same piece of brown human fabric with the same four, four and a half foot height, and their eyes glittered with fear and some of the whites showed around the dark pits. Their bodies were remarkably smooth and their faces hairless except for a few men with straggly, untrimmed chin whiskers. They looked as though they had stopped breathing. Their bodies were tied up with a finesse and rigidity. Some of them had dropped open their mouths. The young boys were naked but the men had tied short sarongs around their waists and those men held spears and blowguns at their sides, the metal tips pointing

skyward.

They had shown themselves. But they were unarming and silent and awestruck.

One of the older men looked a little nervous with his blowgun, and Panggul said something softly in Dyak that jerked all of them to turn their eyes upon him. But their eyes traveled back again to study the six-foot white colossus that stood in their path way.

In a sudden burst of courage one little fellow began to creep secretly toward me. His feet moved over the ground without sound of any kind, his eyes raised, terrified toward my eyes and mouth. When he was within ten feet, he stopped, spread his legs and placed his hands on his hips. His chest rose as he filled his lungs with a deep, sighing breath, and then he looked back at his friends and grinned a little in triumph.

The Dyaks looked in amazement at the heroic attack he was making.

Encouraged that no disaster had befallen him, he threw back his tiny shoulders and with gusty boldness advanced another step, and then another until he was standing in front of me. He dropped his head far back to look at my face, and I bent my head forward a little to see his. We stared, unflinchingly at each other for a long time, and neither of us moved.

Slowly his head turned sideways, and he lowered his eyes to study my arms. Without a warning of any kind, his right hand jerked out and he punched the hair on my forearm, and pulled as hard as he could. I was uncomfortably reminded of the prickly texture of these headhunters to reject human hair.

He was openly puzzled. He turned to look at his friends again, bating his eyes in astonishment. He shook his head from side to side and then turned around to face me. He seemed satisfied now that the hair on my arm would not turn loose, but he gave it a second pull anyway. He stooped a little to inspect my hand and blew a tremendous blast of air on my fingers. I could not suppress a chuckle. The noise of it sent the Dyak scampering back into the circle of men yelling, "Sang Hyang Hu, Bu!" as he ran. "Great White Fish God!"

We had met the headhunters of Borneo.

Summer 1968. We were on the island of Borneo, ten miles west of the capital of Bandjarmasin, when the entire headhunting business began, but none of us knew it was beginning at the time.

Jany, my 12-year-old son, and I were in Indonesia—a corner of the world sprinkled

with over three thousand islands linking the South Pacific and Indian Oceans. They were beautiful islands. Some were sparsely with emerald jungles, many were spoked with soaring volcanoes and a few of them were mere dots under the foam.

The country was so big, so big, so scattered and so hot to make journalism and photography fast, easy work.

The necessity of using an interpreter slowed down the work, or, though Spang was a good interpreter, he had his own ideas.

Before her tenth birthday she could chew tobacco, drink hard liquor and still do the work of ten men without grumbling. By the time she graduated from the University of Dharmakuta, she was ready for travel.

When I met Spang, she was thirty-five, knew the numbers of her country and could keep a large-scale calendar in her head.

It was Abdul who started the events which followed.

"Selamat malam," he said the first time we met him, whipping his hat against his leg. He crossed and sat down next to Spang, holding his hat with his hands, he ween his knees.

Siam began the volley of Indonesian between them.

At one time she shook her head from side to side as though to clear her mind and then leaned forward to understand better. The boy's eyes she looked to be 10 or 20, filled over the room, save with the excitement of whatever he was feeling. His voice rose to a feverish pitch, and then Spang choked. She coughed to clear her throat, and rubbed the corners of her mouth in concentration. Her fingers were still on her mouth when she muttered something to the boy, listened to his response, then laughed over and over.

Well, she said, you never guess! She pulled at the lobe of her ear, trying to get a starting point, and then said, "Well, his name is Abdul Muid Chandra, and he's a journalist from the *Kiak Prens* here in Bandjarmasin. He wants you to head an expedition to explore the Central Borneo jungles and hunt for a lost band of natives, but are supposed to be living there."

"Why me?" I asked. "Well," said Spang, "publicly, I think you know a woman with a spin, child, Americans, good photographic and recording equipment and a lot that Bu-want and I tell you. That's unexplored territory, he's talking about and those lost natives are headhunters."

"Headhunters!"

Yeah. Sjam laughed and rolled her eyes up again. "He thinks that if you can go in there and keep your head then maybe there's a fellow."

The proposition was preposterous, but I supposed it was flattering in a way.

"Told him no, but thanks, anyway."

I should have known better then. Later there was a news broadcast, some official documents and telegram that read:

"Telegram 'Nopal'
471/VIII/dg/perakl . . . Police Number 471 to the Governor of Central Kalimantan and Regent of Sampit . . . to announce to you that a photo-journalist from the United States of America, Wyn Sargent, and her son, Jmy, together with interpreter, Sjam, and Sjam from Nitour Inc, and one journalist, Abdu Mani Chahid from South Kalimantan, have been granted priority to visit Central Kalimantan to research the culture, arts and traditions of the native people of Central Kalimantan."

That I was going was apparently a foregone conclusion. I was being drafted and I knew it, and although I was shocked, I was also intrigued.

I knew I would go.

On July 4th, Wyn Sargent, Jmy, Sjam and an "official" escort from the police and army embarked on a journey which would eventually take them up the Mentaya River into virtually unexplored territory—with no compass and only an incomplete and rudimentary map to guide them. At their first stop, the frontier town of Sampit, they met with the head of the district, acquired more men for their escort and met Panggul.

He was almost five feet tall. Barefoot. He stood with his legs well spread and his head held very high. His hair was black and cut very short and looked like wire coils. It was spinning around a face as black as coffee.

He was wearing new white man's clothes with threads hanging from the trousers. He seemed very uncomfortable in them because they did not fit well.

When he finally spoke, the words were soft and his cheeks deepened a little.

I am Panggul. I come take Mum Sargent to my people in jungle. I take her. I bring her back. His words were spoken in the Indonesian language broken but understandable.

The regent leaned on his elbow on the arm of his chair and bent his head. "This man is a Dyak from one of the tribes in the interior. He could be a good guide for you and certainly he knows the Dyak dialects."

"What does Dyak mean?"

Panggul understood the question. "Dyak," he said, "mean my people in jungle. Many tribes, many clans, but all people called Dyak. I am Dyak. I am from Dyak tribe and also belong to another tribe, but I am Dyak from Dyak Neadju tribe."

"We think he has been here for about a year," said the regent. "The man sleeps in a canoe at night and roams the streets in the day."

"Why?"

Panggul lowered his head and closed his eyes and sighed deeply. A tiredness had suddenly left his shoulders sagging slightly. When he opened his eyes, there was a deep, habituated sadness there that I had not seen before and the sadness was exaggerated now because the man was weeping.

"I come here get help for my people. My people now cannot find dust in jungle. Way of living for Dyak destroyed. Nothing left. Many have no clothes. Many have no homes. My people Great People. Today, they no remember their greatness. People have no food, no medicine, no hope. People

need help to live now.

Whatever the reasons for the present conditions of his people, Panggul was quarreling with history and its subsequent course of events. It was confusing to look upon his face. He appeared to be a stranger, strong man and one who handled himself with an inner supreme force, but it was a force what might prove deadening and probable it was one without pity. But he also seemed like the kind of a man who could think about spring in the dead of winter.

Panggul was put on record as the Dyak guide interpreter for the expedition.

That night I dreamt that I rode through the headhunters' jungle on the shoulders of a little giant.

So, the Dyak natives of Sapiri were responsible for bestowing upon me the reputation of the Great White Fish—a reputation that I was to enjoy for some years to come.

They had seen me rise from the river and it made no sense to them to use me to substantiate the stories of their ancestors about the great white fish that had once inhabited the seas of their birthland.

The Dyak committee of Dyaks began to move. And with me. With uncalled rumors, the natives edge in closer and closer to investigate our group. Panggul had stirred too. He was pulling a dark Dyak toward us. A night, the man liberated himself from Panggul's grasp and began to move toward I under his own power. As he came, he smiled at the air.

Thus Chief Niga said Panggul.

He was a very dark-skinned man with a great cluster of bushy hair on his head, most of it standing straight up. His shoulders were sloping and from them hung thick muscular arms that were heavy and strong from a work that required lifting or pushing. His full lips, heavily pursed by the tropical sun, were chapped and peeling. There were large holes in his earlobes where earrings had once been inserted and a little flap of skin hung from his ears like slender cups of spaghetti. His eyes were lined with the reserve and dignity respectful to his position. A mandau knife with human hair in its handle hung at his waist and beneath it a short sarong had been tied.

With the help of two interpreters, Chief Niga and I exchanged what we believed were the appropriate protestations and courtesies for such an occasion. The chief leaned forward and I spoke to intercept the words because he felt he should understand them. The natives watched my mouth and when the words came, they giggled and squealed with laughter at the funny English sounds.

After the exchange was over, Chief Niga invited us into the shack where the funeral was to be held and sent all of us stumbling down a path to the village.

The path began at the river's edge, continued for a hundred yards and disappeared into the jungle growth. The Dyaks had built their houses of poles and thatch on either side of the path. There were only five straggling huts in the village and all of them nestled about high in the ends of their eight feet of stilts. I learned that the shacks had been built over the body of a man buried beneath one of the main poles.

The funeral party turned out to be the last house on the right of the path because it was in the best shape. A single log shot out over eight feet straight up and I was hoisted through the front door.

The frame of the house was made of bamboo and bark skin had been tied to it with lengths of rattan to make up the walls. The grass ceiling pitched ten feet above the eight by twelve floor in the middle of the room and rested at a five foot level on the back walls.

There was no furniture in the room.

Something that looked like a scarecrow rose in a spectacular arrangement in the center of the shack. It was made from dried branches and leaves and then dressed up with seeds, roots, shells, and other odd articles. It was there to keep the evil spirits away.

Behind the scarecrow the dead man lay in a coffin shaped like a canoe because the Dyaks believe he can sail his way into heaven. An ill-fitted lid had been cemented with natural asphalt onto the sides of the canoe. It was a bum job. The room was filled with the sweet, mousy smell of decomposed flesh, and the stench left one heady and sick with nausea.

The little shack awayed from side to side on its shaky stilts in violent protest to the onslaught of Dyaks that paraded through the door. Some of the men brought torches with them and stuck them upright into the bamboo floor. Behind the men came the women and children.

The light fell on the people and danced over their faces and eyes with yellow flickers. There were many old, old women, too many to count. They wore sarongs that had long ago rotted and were now falling to pieces.

There were babies, too many to count. Babies that were gaunt. Tired little babies with hunger written in their eyes and in their stomachs. Some of them whimpered afraid of the noise around them and they were drawn to the chests of the old women who held them. Only a pretty handful of women looked young enough to be mothers and like their babies, they were gaunt looking too, and hungry.

The middle generation was missing. It was as though they had not been invited at all.

Niga offered me a clay bowl with everything that it contained, not just part of it. It was my introduction to Dyak food and it hit me hard. A portion of the bowl's contents proved to be a spicy stomach-boiler in a nut of every imaginable herb and became a torment for me and every subsequent hiccup a reminder of an ordeal recently finished or of one that was yet to come.

The chief moved over and squatted beside Panggul and began to explain the routine of the funeral ceremony, and while he talked, a black ant crawled over his bare foot and up onto his toes. Niga reached down and crushed the ant between his forefinger and thumb and then punched the ant into his mouth.

Panggul turned to translate the procedure in his broken Indonesian to Niga. I was thinking about the black ant when Sjam delivered her translation to me.

I understood that we were to see the first part of a funeral ceremony, a blood-sacrificing ritual based in the Kaharingan religion of the Dyak people. The high priest was delegated to run the show, and he was called the *belian*.

The people were quiet now and listening and waiting. The *belian* raised a crooked index finger, and it brought six grass-covered Dyak men into the room, wubbling under the weight of the enormous masks that covered their faces.

A lecherous old Dyak with a mischievous face sprang up and hit a circular brass gong that hung from the ceiling by a strong rattan rope, and it put the dancers in motion. The dance stopped when the performer believed he had projected his point and the Dyaks looked at each other and nodded and smiled.

A boom on the gong heralded the arrival of a second batch of dancers, and four half-naked men shuffled uneasily toward the center of the room. To conceal their identity, the men wore masks that had been cut from gourds and decorated with charcoal

and chalk strips. They were understandable nervous. The dance they were to perform was meant to portray the spirit of the dead man, and if they missed a step in the dance and were recognized by the gods they believed they would die too.

The dance lasted only a few minutes, and there was nothing wild or uninhibited about it. The men moved with practiced and sedately intricate steps and they seemed tremendously relieved when it was over.

The behan coughed loudly to clear his throat and then spat on the side of the coffin. The action turned every eye in the room toward him. With this attention, he began to chant an invitation to the gods to attend the funeral, and to bring with them a good will for the people or, at least, a neutrality. The chant was not clearly spoken. There were tones that rose and swelled, and when the behan ran out of breath there were little pauses. At one time his voice cracked and broke and it drew a giggle from some of the children.

It finally ended on a medium pitch, and as ending shot two breathless Dyak men through the front door. They were covered with blood.

They stumbled through the crowd of people toward the coffin, breathing heavily from the overload of the parts of a dead wild pig in their arms. I supposed the animal had been the owner of the stomach I had eaten. One of the men held the pig's head in his right hand, and he hung it on the scarecrow as he passed by. The long ribbons of flesh cut from behind the ears hung near the floor, and little dribbles of blood splattered softly from the ends. The brain had been jerked out of the head and, along with the other bloody parts, it was heaped high on the coffin. The behan moved not even the slightest as the entrails were draped across his legs. He sat in a pool of rising blood.

The Dyaks were fired by the sight of the blood and their eyes glittered brightly, almost hungrily. Several of the older men jumped to their feet and raced each other to the coffin and thrust their hands and arms up to the elbows into the bright red gore. They drilled their fingers into the bowels and then, with breathless enthusiasm, smeared blood over the faces and bodies of everyone in the room. Not even the tiny babies escaped the adventure.

For a Westerner, a blood sacrifice can be a very strange experience and one that could nearly drive him to despair in the spot. But to the Dyak represents a way of satisfying the nothingness it creates all kinds of magical unions between the known and the unknown, and it explains everything that the Dyak does not fully understand. The blood itself is loaded with magic and its powers are unlimited. At this funeral it was used as an appeasement to blood-thirsty gods that were roaming about the place and as a general cleansing agent for the souls of the living Dyaks. (My soul was politely overlooked on this occasion.)

Suddenly the whole shack was on fire. The flames scrambled up the bark walls and licked at the grass roof, roaring as it went. The fire sighed deeply over the room and its hot breath singed and burned everything including the people. The Dyaks screamed and hollered and yelled and cheered and laughed and loved every minute of it. They leaped high into the air to avoid being seriously burned by the falling sparks. When they had had enough, they began to clap their hands and bodies over the blaze and spit at the flames to extinguish them before we were all burned up.

The Dyaks not only played with fire, they played with fire as well, and as a finale to the funeral, the fire would light the dead man's path to heaven, and a few arrows Dyaks were burned in the fire, so that

would amuse the grieving family.

Before we left Bawau, the Dyaks explained that the deceased would be buried in his coffin this morning and some day there would be a second ceremony to raise his soul to the seventh heaven, a second funeral, as defined as over here. This wonderful resurrection would be a reward for offering many heads to the major god of their religion, Sang Hiang.

Human heads. I whispered to Sam.

To drink polluted river water, the short cut to serious trouble. One of our policemen was sick as a result of having done so. He was returned with the boat to Bawau. Sam said Panggul says we must leave by another way.

We were sorry to see the old boat go. Dilapidated as it was, the clanging Diesel engine had stuttered out a warm touch of "civilization," and its departure would take with it our final communication with that world.

The captain agreed to meet us in Julia K. in four or five weeks, and mean while we would follow the Meru River as a guide to find a safe route whatever way we could take.

We packed our things into the small dugout canoe and the captain and his crew, including his best friend, a young Dyak, came on board.

The Dyak village was on a river, a long river. The bark trees on the river banks overhang the river and grow down stream, so that they are almost a continuous wall of bark. The bark trees have a lot of holes where the bark is eaten out, and the holes are the entrance to the bark trees. This makes breathing and hearing difficult.

The river itself is not without its own dangers. It gurgles up a chilling chorus of its own from the nose of snakes. There are so many snakes that the water is always dimmed somewhere with the passing of them. Most of them are poisonous and therefore incredible. They navigate through the warm waters like little submarines, with only their heads stick up, twisting and turning around like tiny periscopes. It is difficult to believe that one becomes bored with their presence, but it happens.

When we arrived in Bawau, we discovered that the Dyaks could not be regarded as architects or carpenters. Their huts slumped at strange angles, and some of them looked as though they had been pushed off their stilt by a giant hand. If a tree fell on a house and mashed out the corner, then that corner was mashed forever. Nothing is ever repaired in a Dyak village.

Some of the Dyaks in Bawau had tried their hand at farming but without success in raising a crop of any kind. Therefore, Bawau was starving.

Ingan was chief of the village. When he saw Panggul he saluted him by touching his forehead to the ground. "Talking drums tell me you come," he said. "Please come to my house."

We crowded into the little shack that Ingan called his home, and before we could sit down there was a sudden splintering and shredding of bamboo and one of the policemen appeared through the floor.

Ingan laughed. "We need new floor, any how. New make. This make me sad. Sad. If no thing happen, if no joy or tragedy, then time is nothing. I have hole in floor I make new floor. Two doungs for time! Nothing make me sad."

It was our first night with Dyak people. A policeman had a flashlight and traced the sun's side of every dark corner. The dark shack was lit up with the light of the flashlight. Ingan was sitting on the floor, and he was looking at the ceiling in the air when he heard us. It was his son's wedding. We met bride's price. We very lucky. Besides not cheap. Now we have

good old fashioned Dyak wedding in Badjane. My son already prove he brave man for get. He do Dyak war dance, and we paint his face with white paint on his legs. In old days must get human head to prove brave and then put fat on legs.

Ingan got his tattoo. I whispered to Sam.

When Sam asked the question, Panggul smiled and his eyes started dark. His reaction startled me.

Oh, laughed Ingan. Her tattoos many ways. Yes, many ways. Ingan have tattoo because he very brave. Yes, very brave man.

There was no more explanation than that and one look at Panggul's face was a good indication not to pursue it.

Tomorrow we would go to Badjane.

A word here about the holes in the bamboo floors of the Dyaks' shacks. They are filled with holes because the Dyaks love to chew betel nuts. The betel nut is a narcotic, as well as the arith leaf it is wrapped in, and together they create an astonishing amount of red juice in the mouth. When it becomes more than the Dyak can handle, he spits the juice through the holes in the floor. If a hole isn't handy, he simply cuts another within his range. In no time at all, a floor can resemble a sieve.

It was my first night I spent sleeping inside a Dyak shack, and I found that I was not able to sleep on top of a bamboo floor. The hole weakens the floor and there is the danger of falling through to the ground seven feet down.

The Dyaks learn after one night to survey the floor of his host's house during the daylight hours and select a good spot to do his sleeping.

We arrived in Badjane in time for the sunset. We have wedding today to scrape the stars. Ingan yelled.

In the morning, the whole village was busy with the excitement of the strange event.

At the south end of the village, Ingan's house was making a Key. Ingan and he had put his heart into his work. The Key was made from many pieces of wood and the pinch of gold dust, and it looked like a big question mark when it was finished. Ukung would carry the four-foot Key on his back to his bride's front door, and the Key would officially "open" the wedding ceremony.

Napiah Ukung's bride stood in the door way of her father's shack and waited for all this to happen. She was very young, perhaps thirteen and she was beautiful.

The chief appeared in the doorway of his shack and motioned at the little committee in the center as a signal that put the group in motion.

Ingan, Ukung's best man and bodyguard, heaved the Key on his back, and together they started off toward Napiah's house, leading the procession of Dyaks behind them.

Ingan's dark face lit up with excitement, and he said, "This ceremony is called Bawau. When we reach bamboo gate, Ukung must cut bamboo with hands, and if not cut open in one stroke, then wedding off."

Napiah saw Ukung lower the Key in front of the gate and she disappeared inside, shutting the grass door behind her. One Dyak stood in front of the door, his arms spread over his chest, to play out his role as Napiah's bodyguard.

Ukung unsheathed his mandau and stepped up to the gate. Without hesitation of any kind, he raised his knife and brought the blade crashing downwards so that the bamboo fell into two pieces at his feet.

"He's won! He can get married now!" said Ingan.

"No, not yet," Ingan said. Bodyguards must fight. And if I may not win then wedding off.

I knuckled to Tumah and slapped him on the back for good luck.

Tumah huffed toward the shack to battle with Umbl. He climbed the steep ladder well enough, but when he reached the top, he was abruptly snipped out from under him and he skidded across the porch and tumbled into the waiting Umbl. The impact plummeted the two boys from the porch and they fell to the ground in a tangle of arms and legs. The fall knocked the breath from both of them and they panted about on the ground, their arms clasped around the comrades, painfully struggling to breathe again. Tumah regained his breath first and staggered to a standing position. It was an effort that crowned him as victor.

"Now you have a chance they get married now?" asked Jmy.

"No, not yet!" said Ingan. "Ukung must throw spear through house to kill evil spirits. Then, get married!"

Ukung completed his final test and the pursuit, the gifts, the trek to Badjenes, the trials and tests of the "old-fashioned wedding" were over and finished.

The "marriage ceremony" itself was nothing more than a simple ceremony. The couple washed one another in pig's blood to cleanse the other of evil spirits and evil thoughts. Then they left the shack to make love in the river.

The wedding "feast" was held in the chief's shack, a feast that would last as long as there was food and drink. The Dyaks were experts at building a party from inadequate means, and the memory of the Dyak food served at these fiestas made me gasp. We would be expected to eat whatever was served if we attended the party? The thought was without relish of any kind.

Panggul had scheduled the village of Tumbang Puan as our next destination, and it was excuse enough for us to depart. No one missed us very much. The Dyaks were too busy eating and drinking and talking and even Ingan's mouth was so full of food that he could only sputter and nod his head in good-by.

It was a chocolate flood. The Mentaya River had rain-swollen itself to the point of foaming. It had boiled into an unbelievable rage and that rage churned out multitudes of frothy cascades. The echo of that angry churning could be heard ten miles away.

The river tore at its own edges and torpedoes its banks and then it roared into the villages themselves and the thundering menacing waters burst upon and knocked down whatever they touched.

When the water finally subsided and the river had sucked back into its escarpment, there was not a Dyak in Tumbang Puan who did not believe that I had staged the drama personally.

The Tumbang Dyaks were not a high-spirited people. They took the prize as much as it came. But rain, flood, and destruction boxed up in a single packet had turned some of them too high, and they snapped like cut wire strings.

One of them was named Gran. Gran was an old man. He was one of the few white-haired Dyaks I had ever seen, and his head was covered with a great snowy duster of it. His body was badly bent, warped up, and misshapen with swollen and deformed joints. His ungraceful figure radiated a discontentment with himself and with others, too.

Gran could never get used to the idea that he had not been chosen to be the chief of Tumbang Puan.

"That old Gran," said Panggul. "He plenty crazy man."

Gran bracketed us with his eyes but never looked directly upon any of us. He seemed to be groping among the bits and pieces of his mind to identify or justify our presence in the village.

In front of Gran, lying on the ground was a short stick. He leaned forward and cupped up the stick and then banged it on the ground. Then he hoisted himself into a half-standing position, turned on his heel, and wobbled off into the undergrowth of the jungle.

We could hear him screaming maledictions at whatever evil spirits he thought were hiding there. The vines shook violently under the lashings he gave them with his stick.

When he had cut down as many devils as he could, he hobbled out, the stick under the pit of his arm, a look of triumphant transport on his face.

Panggul whispered to Gran and sent him limping down the center path, where he disappeared into one of the shacks. Before he left, he had narrowed his eyes at me with a chilling look.

There was a sudden shrieking of an outraged chicken close by. It seemed a pity that the wild jungle "poultry" so hastily went to the block for whatever occasion was on hand, whether it was happy, mournful, or apologetic. The chickens instinctively took a very dim view of the Dyaks and their blood-demanding gods. This was true, as was meant for Kambe Hai, the devil-god of the Mentaya River. It was urgent if the river was to behave again.

The Dyaks had more gods, spirits, and ghosts than a village priest, and all of them were alive. Nothing ever died in Borneo. It was a very crowded place.

"Is called Kajou?" Panggul said. "Hunt for heads."

We were sitting in one of the few houses left standing in the village. Panggul had finally agreed to tell me why the Dyaks hunted heads and how they did it. He had used the Indonesian word for "headhunting" and however he had suddenly gone to a most unhelpful word of use. His eyes were closed as though he wasn't seeing with them anymore.

His next statement shocked me.

"When they outlaw headhunting, they take harem from Dyak. They take purpose for life."

He paused, wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, and sighed deeply. "All over now," he said, and bitterness crept over his face.



"I'll bet you'd be hell in a black negligee."

I suspected that Panggul had hunted a few heads in his lifetime and thus asked him directly to the headhunters themselves. He and a few others were the remnants of all that immeasurable greatness that stemmed from headhunting in Borneo. His face reflected a weeping love for those years, now regretfully gone by.

There has never been a systematic accounting of any event in Borneo, but Panggul knew the history of headhunting through his own personal experience and through his relationship to the tribes living in the Mentaya area. Half a century ago headhunting was regulated by tribal law and those laws regulated each tribe's headhunting requirements. According to the tribes, the laws were established and upheld in the village of Ran Sentan where he was a champion of a headhunter. (Ran Sentan was founded in 1840).

Sentan was ruled with over one thousand heads, which earned him the unmatched title of *lamangung*, king. He excelled in other skills, too, for his house boasted forty wives and several hundred children.

In the headhunting days when Borneo meant all of the island and the Malayan-Indonesian boundaries had not yet been drawn, many of the Dyak tribes shared each other's laws. Panggul (Tribe Iban) and Ingan (Tribe Ngadjut) observed the same headhunting rules for marriage and manhood. If a man wanted to gain his majority or get married, he had to bring home a head. The head aptly named the Trophy of Victory was to be lopped off in a single blow. Any human being was fair prey and the bravest Dyak took the head of his next-door neighbor. The decapitated body stayed where it was felled, food for the vultures, and the head was brought into the victor's village, where it was displayed by the Iban but buried by the Ngadjut.

The most demanding headhunting requirement came from those laws that were noted in the Dyak Kaharijang religion.

A promise made to a dying parent for example, to provide him with a manservant in heaven was believed to be fulfilled by burying an enemy's head near the body when he died. The number of servants sent with the deceased depended entirely upon how many were promised to the parent prior to his death. Sometimes the heads numbered in the hundreds.

The last test of these Kaharijang religious demands involved the catching of a man, skewering him alive on the end of a twenty-foot pole, and then burying him in the ground, head down, feet skyward. This effort was meant to give power to the Bird of Paradise perched on the far end of the pole to fly the celebrated deceased's soul into the seventh heaven.

The sects in the Tumbang Puan area hunted heads as a demonstration of absolute bravery and then drank toasts from the human skulls they had freshly decapitated. It was the epitome of their intrepidity.

The headhunting of the Katagan and Kahajan sects was motivated by revenge. Both sects forever felt injured by the other, and that injury gave rise to a not-stop retaliation between the two.

Some tribes buried their heads and other tribes displayed them. The Ibans, a northern tribe, believed the skulls brought strength and prosperity to the house, and they lined their shelves with as many human skulls as possible. They fed the spirits that dwelled within the heads by stuffing bits of food through the nose, eyes, and mouth.

Headhunting gave to all tribes strength and heroism, and to many young boys it gave manhood and marriage, sometimes at the fragile age of ten years.

At the end of the headhunter's trail were the rewarding tattoos, proof of successful

headhunting, he turned to a different subject. He said that the Dyaks were not as fierce as they were once. They were now more like the Malays.

One of the Dyaks, the King of Mentaya, had been dangerous to the survival of the Mentaya tribes. Rambang Sawit, a wise old man, called for a summit meeting with all the tribal chiefs in Central Borneo, where he meant to lay down the ground rules for their heaven-taking future.

The tribes deliberated for several months, with minimum incidences, and finally drew up a treaty among themselves and signed it in blood. It was agreed that the tribes would no longer war upon each other and that they would not revenge, nor collect heads for reasons of bravery or manhood. Only the stringent Kabaruang headhunting demands were left unaltered.

By reducing their own headhunting requirements to a minimum, the tribes had dealt themselves out as being simple savages. It spoke rather well for these Western Men of Burden to have suddenly become a people aware, a people able to have a new view of life with certain forms of social organization and progress.

But many Dyaks, especially the younger ones, found it difficult to adjust to the new life. They were products of their traditions and their ancestral roots were deep and sometimes bloody. These Dyaks, however, were not the same as the Dyaks of the past. They were now men and then, in a moment of embarrassment, attempt to say "excuse me" when it was too late.

During the Indonesian Revolution in 1945 the Dyaks had a field day for four continuous years. Many a dead person was sent his long-promised mahabervant and a few thousand souls were flown straight up to paradise and all at the expense of the Dutch.

Years later in 1959, the new Indonesian capital, Djakarta, caught wind of the pagan practice and outlawed headhunting through a decree. The Dyaks were told that the words punched on the parchment called headhunting clearly "murder."

But Djakarta was miles away and the Dyak was safe in his jungle. It did not surprise this writer to learn that religious headhunting persisted in the villages of Telang Kub, Ajau, and Rantau Puan on the Seruyan River in 1969. In 1970 two of my next-door neighbors were missing from the village of Lubuk Kawan because Sugaer Hanja, a large one day north by canoe, was celebrating a funeral at the time.

Cutting off a man's head was done with the mandau and, as the decrowning instrument it was a good choice. The Dyaks also have eight-foot blowguns that are capable of shooting a deadly poison arrow with great accuracy. But the Dyak headhunter was not a warrior and he did not like to fight and he found that the sumptuous was rather unhandy and cumbersome while running through a tangled dense jungle. To poison a man prior to taking his head was an bad idea.

When the man's head was cut off, the head was put in a bag and a magic power was put in it. The head was then put in a bag and a magic power was put in it. The head was then put in a bag and a magic power was put in it. The head was then put in a bag and a magic power was put in it.

In the village of Tumbang Puan the mandaus have the short red hair from the armpits of orangutans worked into the arched handles. Some are covered with sheaths upon which circular imprints of

Dutch coins reflect the number of heads the knife has to its credit, rather like the notches cut on guns during the Wild West days in the United States.

I saw a few mandaus in Central Borneo that had been made from Japanese bayonets, the Hsing Sun sharply stamped near their handles. Although the Japanese did not invade Tumbang Puan during their occupation in World War II, it is a fair conjecture that the Dyaks of Tumbang Puan invaded the Japanese on the shorelines.

We go to house of Unda, Panggul said. He has a house and he wants to show you all Dyak weapons.

We walked through the mud toward the grass shack Unda called home. The jungle was rapidly fermenting now and it smelled of rot and decay. The Dyaks were moving from their houses. The Dyaks of the village had been a long time. Some of the men were moving to the village and some were moving to the village.

Most of the Dyaks had accepted the flood damage as a done deal and moved to the village. They were leaving their work and silence. But there were a few men who were still jittery about my being in the village.

Unda's shack stood at a slight tilt. The floor was made of mud and was very wet. The floor was made of mud and was very wet. The floor was made of mud and was very wet. The floor was made of mud and was very wet.

"Unda like you," whispered Panggul. "He not think you make water come to village."

Unda was a handsome Dyak. He was tiny and thin but his cheeks were fat and round and as bright as apples. He was grinning like a child who trusted everybody when he met us in the doorway and bowed us into his shack.

On the floor were arranged all kinds of weapons that Unda had brought out, not only from his own household but from the households of others. It was the most complete collection I have ever seen.

Unda was holding a small piece of paper in his hand. He was looking at it and he was looking at it. He was looking at it and he was looking at it. He was looking at it and he was looking at it.

A great duster of white hair bobbed up and down at the side of the house at floor level. It was a great duster of white hair bobbed up and down at the side of the house at floor level. It was a great duster of white hair bobbed up and down at the side of the house at floor level.

Grani climbed the ladder, his chest pumping like a bellows, stopped in the doorway to catch his breath, skirted the wall, and sat down next to Unda. He was followed into the room by three gruff and mean-looking Dyak men and a young boy with a badly deformed leg.

He bring son with him. He crazy too?" Panggul said. "Other men helpers of Grani."

Unda turned to nod at Grani, picked up another knife, and continued his explanations.

"This dohong is dagger," he said, "used by the Dyaks. Has blade like snake. Cuts on both sides. Can use to kill enemy."

Unda paused a moment and during that pause a snoring noise filled the room. The sound had come from Grani.

Larger listened and then he turned to Spam. There was a frown on his face and his eyes had darkened.

"Grani want to know why Unda show Dyak secrets," he said quietly.

Grani raised his hands in the air, made

them into tight fists and growled again and then the growl was ended with anger.

A few minutes dropped by and no one spoke.

"Maybe we should leave now," I whispered to Spam.

Panggul rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand.

"Grani say Unda give you Dyak secrets. He want you give secrets too," he said.

"You don't have to do anything," said Abdu.

I was of the gruff Dyaks moved around and sat on either side of Abdu and he kept him still and unmoving with unflinching stares.

One of our soldiers was leaning against the doorframe. He pushed himself off the frame, sauntered into the center of the room, and sat down on a stool. Grani looked at Abdu and he looked at the soldier's hand around the butt end of the pistol that was hidden inside of his shirt.

Grani was outraged that anyone would sit in front of him. He let out a thundering howl and he stepped his foot on the bamboo floor. He was sitting down as he seemed himself to be sitting down. He was sitting down as he seemed himself to be sitting down.

The soldier stayed where he was but he watched the old man with intent, unmoving eyes and he seemed to be enjoying what he saw. A queer smile played over his lips as he lifted his shirt and unsnapped the button on the leather holster and withdrew the pistol and laid it across his legs. The Dyaks had never seen a pistol and the gun meant nothing to them, but the sight of it alarmed those of us who knew of its dangers.

None of us, including Panggul, really knew what to do.

Jim pulled out a crushed pink square of gum from the pocket of his trousers.

"Chew it and make a bubble and give a piece of it to the boy, Grani's son."

When an enormous pink bubble billowed forth from Jim's mouth, the Dyaks were bewildered and then flabbergasted. They stared at the bubble with puzzled eyes and leaned forward the better to see. When the bubble burst the Dyaks laughed, clapped their hands together, and punched one another to be certain that the soldier had not missed seeing the event.

But Grani was warped up with disappointment. His eyes narrowed to more than half closed and there was a little light of madness glinting in them.

Grani turned and spat out a stream of mumbles at Panggul, who lowered his head and said, "He say this no magic."

"Well, maybe this will help. Tell Grani I'll put his son's face on a piece of paper. Tell him he can carry the paper with him and look at the face whenever he likes. It will be a present."

Grani liked the idea and he nodded in furious agreement. I took the Polaroid camera from its case and shot the picture with the last bit of film that I had.

Grani took the picture in his hands. He held it closely in front of his eyes, squinted, moved the photo away, and then he looked at his son and back to the picture again. When the irrelevancy of the photograph finally related to his son's face, he burst out laughing. It was a shrill cackle filled with insanity.

"Panggul, can we leave now?"

Panggul answered, but no one heard him. Grani was pounding the bamboo floor with his fist, and when he was finished he shook his fist at me and yelled at Panggul at the same time.

"He wants more magic," Panggul said quietly.

It may seem strange to the Westerner that a guest is not allowed to leave the presence

of a Dyak unless he has permission. To get up and simply walk away from these natives would automatically cast all kinds of suspicions upon our group and those suspicions would follow us wherever we went, along with a few Dyaks at our heels, and all of them endeavoring to make those suspicions a reality. Linda had the power to grant our departure, but the man sat dumbly on the floor trying to understand the sudden turn of events. A blank incomprehension had invaded his face and had left his useless.

There was an exchange of Indonesian, Dyak, and ideas and Sjam said, "Yes, Panggul thinks he can get us gracefully out of here in a few minutes."

Bubble gum had adhered itself to the Polaroid picture and Gran began to pick at the sticky strings. The photo pulled apart. He puckered his brows together and frowned darkly. He looked at the boy and at the picture again and suddenly he threw out his arm and smashed his fist into the child's cheek. The boy screamed and covered his face with his arms before Gran hit him another blow on the head.

And then I did something I was to regret the rest of my life. I switched my tape recorder to "on" position as Gran struck his son again and again. Blows to the head, shoulders, body and smashing strikes to the face and all the time Gran screamed and screeched his disappointments over the torn photograph. He tore at the boy with his fingernails and left bleeding wounds on the child's arms and legs. When the boy tried to escape by crawling across the room, the three gruff Dyaks grabbed the child by his feet and brought him back again.

I rewound the tape and flipped the switch to "play" and Gran's voice transmitted through the speaker.

Gran stopped beating the child and looked up. His eyes spirited irritably across the room searching for the source of the parrot-like mimic. Then he saw the little black box.

The man was reduced to madness. His eyes became fazed. The sound of his mouth became a low, harsh, guttural sound. He began to repeat the words, "You like to see me removed. You like my spot away and put it back here."

Gran was surrounded by Dyak weapons. One of them held a primary instrument of harm. The Dyak pointed a mandau at him. The Dyak pointed a mandau at him with his foot, and Gran grasped at his back hand and raised it high above his head. He lowered the knife, pointed it at the floor and the sharp cutting edge splattered the cement. His sword cut at Gran's head. He bellowed, "This man da now cut off head of you!"

Gran gulped air as he shuffled himself into a standing position. He lurched forward. The three Dyaks rushed to help him stand on either side, and held their hands out to keep away anyone who might interfere with Gran.

Gran wound the mandau up in a clockwise motion, sprang forward, and swung the knife at me. The blade passed over my heart by mere inches.

Panggul and the two soldiers jumped to their feet at the same time. One of the soldiers stuck his fist into the face of the Dyak nearest him and the blow flattened the man to the floor. The other soldier jabbed the barrel of his pistol into Gran's stomach. The old man screamed out with the pain from it.

The gun fired and the noise of the explosion was deafening. The bullet had narrowly missed Gran's left leg. Panggul jerked himself up, stretched his hand over the soldier's wrist, and clamped down hard. With a sickening motion he bent the soldier's wrist and sent the gun clattering to the floor. He put his bare foot on top of it. The soldier hacked off, grimaced, and held his right wrist with

his left hand.

Panggul, one foot on the gun and the other foot bracing Gran's shoulders to the floor, waved his hand in a signal for us to leave.

My legs felt stiff and immovable as we climbed down the log ladder onto the muddy ground. A dizziness with edges of pain touched my forehead.

When we reached the riverbank we heard foot-steps behind us and we turned to see Panggul standing there panting from exhaustion.

"We must leave Tumbang Puan," he gasped. "I sorry."

Panggul said something to Sjam and then ran toward Chet's shack.

"Let's go," Sjam said. "Panggul said that two of our soldiers borrowed a canoe and went back down the river. They've got malaria."

We crept out into the river's muddy water and got into the canoe. Seconds later Panggul came flying down the riverbank and we slid off into the current heading down stream.

Gran and a committee of Dyaks stood on the riverbank, staring after us.

And then they plunged into the jungle in pursuit. All of them had mandaus in their hands.

Panggul had set our new course to Tumbiang Hamet, a village on the Kalang River. He thought we could reach it within two days, but the great flood waters of the previous week had already flushed them selves away and the river was left shallow, rocky, and tough to travel.

It was our third day out, we had not eaten for the last twenty-four hours, and the grinding jungle living was beginning to show its effects on all of us. At each turn of the paddle the bones stuck out from the backs of the men, bones that had been padded with firm flesh a month ago. Abdul's plump cheeks had become sunken, his low ears beneath his ears, and the soldier seated next to him looked out through eyes that glittered with fever.

All of us were suffering horribly from weather-punished skin, skin that burned and peeled and burned again before it could heal. Our gums bled, hair fell out, and we were covered with the ugly, weeping staph lesions that come from malnutrition and plagued our bodies with promised threats of infection. Jungle rot moved in under our armpits, and jungle fungus grew beneath our toenails and left them soft and yellow, like butter, and sometimes bleeding. From time to time a man would search his neighbor's

face to reassure himself that he was better off than the other. It was pitiful and it was defeating.

In the late afternoon we rounded a bend in the river and imperceptibly Tumbiang Hamet stretched out in front of us. The air we felt was instantly rendered with fear. There was a blank, white emptiness about the village and the air was freighted with silence.

Panggul stood up in the canoe and thrust his head far forward. He cocked his head to one side to hear better and then frowned deeply. A strange look moved in Panggul's eyes. Not good here, he whispered more to himself than to anybody else. Then the ghastly, grueing smell of death lowered itself over all of us and even the grasses bent beneath it.

"My God!" gasped Sjam.

There were two dead children lying on the riverbank at the entrance of the village. Their faces were black. The sun had twisted and warped their naked bodies and left the skin shriveled up like dead leaves stretched tight and shiny over sharply pointed bones. Their eyeballs were gone, eaten out by some monstrous thing, and in their place were two staring black wells of horror. Both of the faces grinned through withered lips at an agony they had experienced while living. Their hair had been hacked off and some of their fingernails were missing. They were Dukui Dyaks, from a tribe that would make a funeral from the hair and nail clippings on a dead day.

Panggul looked his lips to draw some breath. He coughed and said, "What it mean?" He pinched his lips together in a tight line, regarded the jaws of the other and disappeared into the village.

In the distance there was a faint scraping sound. A dark, ill-defined figure appeared and walked to a small mound of loose earth and squatted there for a moment and then vanished. It was a nearly ditch. The scraping noises began again and with each scrape a little spout of dirt flew up into the air. Gran digging five more graves was being dug next to the fifteen tiny narrow already lined up side by side.

Panggul reappeared waving slightly. His eyes as dim as though they were seeing nothing but air and far away.

Made die, he said softly with tears in his eyes. Sixteen now dead. Maybe cholera.

We moved out into the center of the river and looked back at the poor, sad-eyed village and sorrow settled into our hearts. But the saddest heart of all lay in Panggul's breast.

The soldier had lost his mind. At some time during the night he dug up fever that lived within his brain had transformed the man from sane to mad.

He was a living man but there was no resemblance of it. When he talked, it was in whispers and you could hardly make out what he was saying. Once he said, "I'm hot. No, I'm cold" as though these two opposites might balance themselves and make things right again, and then his body shook and trembled and he made pathetic little appealing gestures with his hands like some despairing, helpless creature. And then he didn't whisper or move anymore.

There were parching fevers written on the red, splitchy faces of the two policemen, and their eyes were glassy under it. And when the morning's great white sun began to burn like a hot ulcer in the sky, the two men fell away under the heat, like wilted flies. The trip was over for them too.

We were stunned by the sickness and disease that were so rapidly felling the members of the expedition, and we were scared too. The sick men were the forerunners of a promised calamity for those of us



who continued, and we felt the limits of defeat.

Panggul assured us we would find a village soon and so we continued northward. But it was a restless day, one that blackened and disheartened us.

After several days of river travel we reached Tumang Hedjan, and our hearts gushed with joy in the sight of the village.

We had arrived in time for a celebration and the afternoon rushed on with festivities. The men were preparing for a thanksgiving because some of the hunters had brought a fine deer and every shanty nestled with the excitement of it. The news of the celebration arrived on the lips of a little child.

His name was Embang. He was the most beloved of all youngsters in Tumang Hedjan, and the other children followed him about all day, hoping to reflect a little of the glow of his joy. When Embang spoke, his voice was low and musical, and when he laughed he sent out long ribbons of laughter that filled the air and overcame every one nearby with giggles. Embang was without shyness of any kind as he sat down and gently pushed his hand into mine. When I felt his thin, bony fingers, it stirred my heart. Looking down at his hand, I was shocked to see that my own hand was bigger than his.

In the afternoon I taught Embang a little nursery song about a cockatoo that had lost its teeth. He echoed the melody with no effort and then memorized the lyrics, although he could not understand the Indonesian words.

Embang watched with intent, interested eyes as I wrote the day's happenings in my journal. He asked to feel the paper and see the little marks on it and then he begged to "write" too.

He had never seen a ball point pen. He held it in his hands and turned it over and over, rubbing the sides with his fingers and clicking the point in and out, all the time laughing and giggling. After a few tries he copied the printed letters that spoiled his name and then he looked up with wide eyes.

"Is my name, ya? Embang? Embang?" he asked.

The sweet, dark music of his voice burst over the room, and then he flew through the doorway of the shack and into the village to show everyone that his name was written on paper. He was beside himself with happiness.

We lost one of our policemen the morning following the celebration. Cholera. He was delirious with fever as the witch doctor lifted him into the canoe and set off for Tumang Ramei.

The expedition that began with fifteen people had dwindled to seven hungry and scared individuals who had found themselves living like the Dyak headhunters with no food, no medicine, and no hope.

There is nothing in the world like a mighty jungle to display one's insignificance. We were whipped and we knew it.

Panggul had never given up, but when he saw the sick policeman off, he knew that we wanted a change of air. The next morning we set off for a village called Kuajan.

The day yawned wide open and the sun spread its hot shine on the earth as our Dyak friends lined the riverbank to see us off.

When our canoe slipped into the frothy, seething world of white rapids above the roar a tiny voice was heard singing a nursery song about a cockatoo that had lost its teeth. We looked back at the village. On the riverbank below the shaggy vines were written the giant letters that spelled EMBANG. And above the letters, a little

child was waving.

Yesterday and all the other yesterdays had been churned up and ground away, and what had happened was so vague and distant that no one could remember it.

We had passed the village of Tumang Ramei four days ago and someone recalled that he two dead children had disappeared from the riverbank. We pressed on to the village of Ngahan, only to find it was one we could not enter. Large palm fronds flanked the entrance painted to depict death masks. They warned the outsider to pass into the village at his own risk. Panggul suggested that cholera had struck this village too, and it was probably true according to the death odor that hung about the place.

Tumbang Anci had been abandoned. The tall, pointed tomb monuments rose skyward through the jungle trees and published the deaths in the village.

As we pressed on, disaster struck our expedition with a dry viciousness. The river was seeded with huge, jagged rocks, crouching like guardians at the entrance of the village. The river abruptly picked up speed and the energy of the current mastered itself against the rocks and tossed and turned our canoe about with abandon.

The helm of the canoe dived into one of the rapids, turned itself around, and was thrown back into a boiling back of the river. The canoe overturned and the men were swept away and broken into the swirling waters. The boat hit five of us head on and carried us with the surging current. We were plummeted down a ten-foot waterfall into the furiously churning waters below.

After downstream we recovered the canoe and found it was wet and sticky with mud but without broken bones. An examination of the men showed that one of the men was dead and the others were badly injured. The men were taken to the village and the dead man was buried.

Panggul said that the river was the devil, had wanted to kill us. I felt that the jungle was trying to kill us too. The trees dropped their limbs over the river, and those limbs scratched and tore at our faces and bodies and left us lacerated and bleeding. Sometimes the trees harbored poisonous vines that buried their sharp thorns in our flesh and festering sores began to appear. Sometimes the trees dropped their limbs into the river and the men were killed.

Our canoe dragged along the dark, winding river looking for its own help. When it snagged itself on a rock, we waited like children until the canoe was pushed off by the current and then we floated on down the river road again.

Hunger had followed us. The Dyaks in the last village had given us a few tapioca roots to eat, but we had gobbled them up during the first few hours on the river.

One the morning of the second day we passed below some low, overhanging branches and a baby python dropped out of the tree and onto the shoulder of the policeman. The men grabbed the branches of the tree and steadied the canoe while Panggul chinned the trunk to raid the nest. The snakes were wiggling in all directions, and some of them dropped into the river, where we tried to catch them with our hands before they escaped. Panggul smashed the heads of six pythons with his fist and threw them into the river. He used his hands and feet to catch the snakes and then he boiled them and ate them.

It was hard to believe that it was only yesterday that the men had eaten their belts. Those that had them. The men had lost so much weight that when they removed their belts, their pants slipped down over their hips.

The men had softened the leather in the river, digging into it with their nails to en-

courage the leather to absorb the water and then when they had waited any longer they poked the raw leather into their mouths and it was seemingly forever before they swallowed it.

In the evening the men looked over their shoes. They picked at the browned stitches on the soles with their fingernails and when they came loose, they yanked the leather off and soaked it in the water. Amy and I ate a piece of one of the soles from the soldier's shoe. It had the same taste as the leather and was so tough that it could not be chewed down with my teeth. In final desperation, I swallowed the leather whole.

Except for leather belts and shoes we had had nothing to eat for two days. We were passing through an area where the sky was clean of birds, the river so low that no fish could live in it and the jungle so dense that not even a snake could crawl through it.

All of us felt the blackening weakness that comes with starvation. Our weakness and our judgment and our courage were all gone. We had traveled too fast, too early, and, somehow, too late. We were shocked to find ourselves now starving to death.

All the things that make a man a man had stopped. Ideas, little happenings, feelings, thoughts, remembrances had all stopped. The only thing left for the over-coming heat and hunger was left us.

Some of the men were thinking of eating each other.

And then, lethargy moved in and none of us had the spirit to go on and no longer the need to go on. We were dragged onward only by the knowledge that the canoe was moving beneath us.

Abdul's nerves had finally let go, and now his hands shook incessantly. He gripped the side of the canoe with his right hand in an effort to control the shaking that had abrupted his mind. He was so weak that he could not even hold his own hand. He had lost his strength and his courage and his will to live.

The condition of the soldier was mournful. He looked like a broken bundle of sticks, muddy and blood-caked. He clawed continually with his skinny hand at the an-ony-mous heart that was within the broken body of his nose. The skin had been stripped off and he was now a mass of red and white. He was so weak that he could not even hold his own hand.

Sometimes he would sit up and look at the policeman sitting behind him. Lately the fainting spells were more frequent and longer.

During one of his fainting spells, he sucked on his underlip and hit it with his teeth. The lip splintered and blood percolated over his mouth and slipped down his chin in a little red line.

The sores on the policeman's temples had punched themselves out into the shape and color of red-yellow strawberries and looked like festering boils. The great pustules had developed from pelagra, and a few of them were punched on his eyelids. They made his eyes look bulgy and myopic and his eyelids, raw and red, could not stretch over them. One of the lumps, in the corner of his left eye, had already broken open and a thin, white butter dripped out and wet his cheeks.

Djam lived within her own house of silence and looked out from it with grave calmness. She was a woman to whom hardships had proven incentives to fierce determinations. She had an idea that there was no heroism in starving to death, and if she were going to die, she would give it a touch of dignity and without hysterics of any kind.

Her skin was yellowed and shriveled, and she seemed thick in the stomach as though there was a great swelling there, but her shirt fell loosely over the protuberance without showing its shape or size.

Panggul had unwittingly scratched his face with his fingernails and was left bleeding in his own beard. The wound was white and it glistened with pus because it was infected and spreading. The skin under his eyes wizened and left tiny, dull gray pouches hanging like hammocks beneath his lids.

Panggul suffered from a different kind of pain. His chin quivered as he tightened his lips over his mouth to stifle the sob that was trying to escape from his throat. He saw me staring at him and said, "I'm sorry. I'm very sorry," and he tried to smile a little.

He felt guilty because he had brought us into the jungle and he was adding to the shame of his people. It had been nearly two years since he had visited his Manu area, and the conditions had worsened beyond his imagination.

Jiny was sick. Last night he had said, "I just got a stomach ache," but the color of his face indicated much more. He had spent the night somewhere between pain and sleep. The aches scampered around in his stomach and through his bones, and in their vicious grip he fought the nausea and fever and chills that accompany influenza.

The morning his eyes were streaked with the bright yellow arrows of hepatitis.

Jiny lay weakly in my arms and I could feel his body struggling against the pains and all the while he was telling me he felt just fine. And then he said suddenly, "Gee, Mom! Your eyes are yellow!"

I was sure that I had hepatitis, every one of my friends said I had. And now he was telling me that. I had been told that my eyes would turn yellow, but I hadn't thought it would be so soon.

My head began to throb. There were small, binding hammers that staccatoed rhythmically against my temples and behind my eyes. The small hammers gave way to sledge hammers and my head pulsed with pain from the pounding.

The thudding and throbbing aches were sent from my head to nibble at the back of my neck, and there they built themselves into greater pains that traveled on into the shoulders. My muscles were left rigid and tight with torment.

I didn't know what was happening to me, and dread began to gather in the corner of my mind. I tried to put a name to what I was feeling and to call it something that was familiar to me. And then, abruptly, the pain tossed out a cold shiver that left me shaking and trembling and the dread turned to panic. Malaria.

One moment I was freezing with cold and the next burning up with the heat. My heart raced faster and faster with the attack of the fever. I clenched my teeth together so tightly that they loosened and then blood ran from the gums.

The shaking seizures went on and on and they were still going on when the fevered phantoms born of a raging fever danced before my eyes. And then, death seemed strangely friendly and sleep a welcomed brother.

I fought for the safety of consciousness by clinging to thoughts about Jiny until my eyelids felt heavy, very heavy, and I closed my eyes. And there was nothing.

Panggul squatted on his hams beside me. His dark eyes were brimming with gentle tenderness.

"We in Kuuk Telawang," he whispered. "We come last night. Dukien (witch doctor) make well for you, now."

Malaria is a horrendous and debilitating disease. My head still throbbed and the sweat tremors were chasing each other

through my body, but after one look around the shack we were in, my courage woke up and took a fresh start. The scene was guaranteed to fire terror into the heart of a sick person and make him well again.

All kinds of junk were scrambled together on the floor and walls and ceiling, and everything was covered with dust and spider webs. There were shells, pod, dried leaves, and roots, and in little baskets there were sticks of some kind standing straight up like soldiers, and in clay pots pigs' ears floated about in black oil. In the four corners of the room were branches and long, gnarled roots and bones. Some of the bones had come from humans, femurs and tibias, and there were a couple of human skulls hanging from the wall by a rattan string that had been punched through a hole in the top of the skull and then looped down and came out of the mouth. There were antlers still embedded in the skulls of deer hanging from the ceiling that must have been centuries old. Other curiosities even Panggul could not identify, but it was certain that they were marked in the mind of the witch doctor.

At the age of over one hundred years, the witch doctor was not a brisk person. He shuffled himself over to where I was lying and he looked like he hurt all over.

He dropped the few inches necessary to



"...I understand she's only seventeen."

He looked at me, and the squat crowded his stomach up against his chest and his breath pushed out a vile odor. He leaned forward a little, bracketing and enclosing me with his eyes, and began to mumble some kind of chant beneath his breath. A squirt of betel nut juice drooled out of his toothless mouth and hit me on the chest.

Abruptly, unpredictably, the old man hurtled himself across my body and grabbed my waist with his gnarled hands and buried his head in my stomach. The shock that I felt was too deep for utterance.

When he finally straightened himself up, he pushed his forefingers on my eyes and pressed so hard that little specks of white light danced under the lids.

He slowly rose to his half-standing position and every tendon in his crooked legs creaked at the strain of so much movement. He turned to Panggul and squinted his bird eyes until the upper-lid skin nearly shut them, and solemnly announced that my condition was serious but not grave.

Meanwhile, he mentally drew up a little list of all the things he had to do to produce a cure.

It took him nearly an hour to get things ready. At my feet he put two little wooden men holding raised mandibles. Their duty was to fend off the evil spirits if they

dropped by while he doctor was busy with something else.

A large brass gong was suspended from the ceiling just above my head, and the witch doctor hit it with a stick every time he passed by. Then he parceled out his leaves and roots and bones and seeds into a heap around me and to such a height you didn't see over the top.

He dropped to the floor, panting and throbbing from the exertion of the assemblage.

It was dark inside there and difficult to breathe. When I could no longer see the man's feet for my escape, I peeked over the wall and took a breath of fresh air. The witch doctor was crouched up in the far corner of the room talking to a large mask he held in his hands.

I was worried and afraid but too weak to care. I collapsed into the bottom of the haystack and tried to make myself as small as possible.

Suddenly, there was a rattling noise and a long string of pig bones jumped over the top of the nest and the mask peered over the edge to see if I was still in there.

When it was gone, a drum appeared and the witch doctor seated behind it. He began to beat out a rhythm meant to inform the gods what he was doing and to suggest that he put his work on me.

When he started to go back, I took no more beating. The doctor stood and started performing the propitiatory dances that were meant to make the spirits happy.

I sat up. The witch doctor was groaning on the floor but now and then his breath came back, and his whole body pulsing with emotion. He stopped, panted, and then he crawled up and then he crawled up. As he crawled, he bowed his head and his head just above the ground. He crawled under the mask and crawled down the nest, a red river. The old man coughed, grasped the white chin of his mask, and raised it just enough to spit and then went back to being mesmerized again.

Abruptly he began scooting himself along on his derriere, pushing with his hands, until he had covered the entire length of the floor. He lifted his mask again to see where he was, and then he picked up an object about the size of a small coconut. He tucked it beneath his arm, lowered his mask, and when he turned to scot back, I lay down.

The object suddenly appeared in the air above me. It was the skull of an orangutan. The doctor held it upside down and shook it over my body. The bits of debris that filtered through the eyes and nose of the skull later proved to be crocodile dung.

The doctor slumped forward, unconscious. He collapsed one entire length of the nest when he fell.

It seemed an eternity before the old man came to, and when he did he was mumbling under his breath. Panggul held him as he removed the mask from his face. He gummed his betel nut, smiled a toothless grin at Panggul, and announced that he was ready to deliver the prescription that had been revealed to him during his trance like state. A prescription guaranteed to cure my serious condition.

I was digging my way out from under the sticks and bones when the delivery was made. Panggul translated.

He says to wrap leaf around unborn rat. You swallow whole. Everything O.K.

The grass on the riverbank in Kuala Lumpur was still glistening with last night's rain drops, but Panggul was sitting on it anyway. There was a struggling expression on his face, as though he was trying to keep some kind of a secret to himself, one that was too slippery to hang onto much longer.

He sucked in his lower lip and opened his mouth to make a beginning, but it was a

He started. He ran dry in the middle of it. He threw up his hands, shook his head from side to side, laughed out loud, and suddenly the message blurted out: "My people are humble people. They not ask much of world. But tonight they ask make you Dyak woman. They want make you and Jmy member of Dyak than tribe than be an come. He come with Dyaks from Nagarum. They make ceremony for you."

Panggul stretched his arms across the air, the patch of grass between us, holding his mandau in his hands. It signified the surrender of his tribe's weapons. "Went mandau tonight. Now go away from village. Come when sun behind tallest palm tree."

As I turned out, I became a member of two tribes.

Night fell and the ceremony began. There was a rustling to the right of us and a dark shadow advanced toward us, the belian. He was awesome.

The authority of this man was so great, it was said, that his word was taken on any subject without question.

He walked heavily toward us, shuffling his feet a little to emphasize his step. There was so much gravity in his manner that the crowd hushed itself into a profound quiet.

When the belian arrived within a few feet of us, he dipped his hand into the enormous seashell he was carrying, and began to sprinkle the ground with blood. As he sprinkled, he chanted the *montera*, a prayer that was supposedly loaded with magic.

He ran out of blood and chant at the same time and stooped to pick up a water buffalo horn that had been flung up against a rock. It was the largest horn I'd ever seen, perhaps three feet long. It had been elaborately decorated with human hair, thick and heavy, cascading to the tip of the horn and past it.

"It filled with tuak!" said Panggul. "All get drunk! Oh, gods very happy, now!"

It is believed that when tuak is drunk in a horn from an animal thought of as both sacred and grave, the drinkers, too, are thus symbolized.

The belian pushed the horn into action by drinking from it himself and sending the horn on its rounds. The natives lipped the rim with deep swallows, one after the other, not troubling themselves to wipe the vessel's rim between gulps. It was filled and refilled and when the horn had finally circulated around to me, the hair was quite wet and drippy and a thin film of spittle around on top.

"Morn," whispered Jmy, "are you going to drink it?"

I shut my eyes and lifted the horn to my lips. After the first dizzy swallow, I felt quite brave.

Across the center path of the village the Dyaks had pulled a teakwood log and had decorated it with mandaus and haruan feathers. The belian stomped around behind the log and Panggul and the Dyaks went with him. Jmy and I were left standing alone on the opposite side.

The belian announced, "You cut this pantan [log] with mandau to the left, that all dangers and bad luck go. You cut this pantan to the right and bring peace to tribe. You cut this pantan through bottom so that sickness and disaster leave tribe."

It was a big order.

I unsheathed the mandau Panggul had given me, and managed to chop through the teak without damaging myself too much. This effort completed the preliminary Tahu-tan Pantan ceremony.

The belian reached over and took my hand and steered me toward a turn's eye that lay on the ground. He asked me to step on it. This little ritual was supposed to cast off any evil spirits that might be dwelling on my body or clothing. Compared to cutting

through a wood log, breaking the egg was a breeze. I enjoyed the additional prestige of being a good person, having smashed the egg completely.

We paraded down the center path in single file into an assembly shack where everybody sat cross-legged on the dirt floor. No one cared very much where he sat, and many found themselves ensconced in betel nut spittle.

The ceremony began with music. It was music of the thinnest sort because the Dyaks are sadly lacking in musical instruments. This is primarily due to the scarcity of materials and limited technology. But since they don't know this, the self-taught Dyak musicians strummed the *ke tjapi* and *rabab*, which were squeaky wooden mandolin-type affairs with one or two strings.

For a finale, I was asked to participate in the *bigal bigal*, a dance of friendship. It was necessary, for one reason or another, to reinforce each step with a substantial sip of tuak. There were many steps, all of them highly complicated, and by the time we finished the dance, we were all great pals.

At this point the belian announced that he would "secure" the village. He turned and marched outside, flailing his arms above his head as he went.

"What's he going to do?" asked Jmy.

He was if any bad spirits come to village," said Panggul. "Or maybe enemy come. Belian must scare away."

When the belian returned he was grinning broadly. The grin set free the rumor that all was well. The rumor darted around the room with amazing speed, and in no time the belian felt the flattery of his own importance.

Now the great man stepped up with a large, tuak-filled urn (*bolang* or *tedau*) and stationed it in the center of the dirt arena. (The clay in these urns is mixed with gold dust, and the Dyaks believe that they are made with the help of the Sixth Heaven god. The sculptured dragons that peek through the brown pebbled glaze echo a Chinese influence, but the Dyaks swear that the Chinese imitated them. A native earns his social rank in a village by the number of urns found in his shack. If they are filled with tuak, then he is considered a very rich man.)

"Party goes well," said Panggul, and he flashed his brightest smile. "Many get drunk now!"

Panggul arose suddenly, straightened his shoulders. "Please! You come now," he said.

Jmy and I were marched into the arena's center, where a hailing discussion was going on as to the exact location of the sunrise. When its dubious direction was finally determined, we were seated on brass gongs to face it. The Dyaks believe that Sang Hyang walked on the sun's rays to earth each morning, and they wanted to be sure that the god would notice us on his trip down.

Panggul puckered his brow in deep thinking, rubbed the tips of his fingers together, and wondered what to do next. The belian jerked his head and snapped his fingers. The jerk and snap put Panggul in motion. "Before you Dyak woman, you must agree to laws of Dyaks!"

Panggul doled out his long memorized list of tribal laws that dealt with property, marriage, and inheritance. One more: If stranger come to village and disturb tribe, stranger get highest punishment. You must kill a stranger.

Somewhere behind me a gong sounded and Panggul wrapped a wild-pig-bone neck lace around my neck. It went around three times and it was terribly heavy. One of the bones dropped down and stuck itself inside my shirt collar and Panggul took the

stretching of my neck to sludge the bone as a mark of approval.

The belian descended upon us now, shuffling as he came because he was armed with amulets and fetishes, heavy as well as plentiful. He stood before us and searched through the pile until he came upon two five-inch wooden gods and he placed them at our feet.

Instantly two Dyak men wheeled up from the crowd and stood before them. They bowed in the direction of the belian and bowed to the gods, and then they pulled out their mandaus and cut their fingers open. They held their bleeding fingers over the gods, soaking their wooden skin with their bright red blood. One of the men had taken a noteworthy slice off the tip of his index finger which would probably bring regrets for his enthusiasm later. When the images were blood-covered, the men retired to the side lines where they were commended by their friends for their achievement.

The wooden gods were considered naked until clothed in human blood. The raiment was urgent because these gods were to be used as witnesses to the ritual and to glorify those who performed it.

Suddenly, the amulets and fetishes began to slip out from the belian's arms. They tumbled onto the floor and spread themselves out in all directions. A moment of hysteria resulted which left the bewildered belian momentarily robbed of his self-control. He beat his arms rather helplessly against his hips and roiled his eyes to the heavens. Then he pinched his brows together and with a repaired determination he scraped the magic charms into one heap with his foot.

He looked around as though uncertain as to what to do next. He was plainly out of practice.

He worked his mouth from side to side as he thought, and when an idea finally arrived, he ran to a corner of the room and returned with a small tree, which he shoved into my right hand. A side sprig from the *saba brum* tree had been tied to the tree. I was told to point my index finger skyward, against the trunk but beneath the sprig, because this gesture would beckon the attention of the gods. It was no time at all before my finger felt more painful than had it been amputated.

All kinds of notions began to tunnel into the belian's head now, and he acted as though he knew what he was doing. He went about the business nearly feverishly, placing his fetishes here and his amulets there, his running about the task before he was finished.

He stood back and admired his work. He had to it a highly organized and symmetrical arrangement of Dyak junk over, around, and under his two ornaments of the celebration. Jmy and me.

Our feet straddled a large and sharply jagged "sacred" rock. A heavy fish net that smelled of yesterday's catch was wrapped around our waists, and betel nuts, combined with the burning of a strong-smelling wood thought to be incense, burned beneath our noses. On top of all this were the amulets and fetishes.

The room was quiet now. The newcomers were sitting cross-legged on the floor with their hands folded in their laps and the Dyaks sat with their legs drawn up against their chests. Most of the Dyaks had stretched their arms out to hang over their knees so that their hands dangled loosely and were ready for action. Shining eyes stared at the belian, eyes afraid of missing a movement, gesture, or expression.

The belian looked fearsome. His eyes shot out their own little yellow splinters of fire, and a clever smile was playing upon his lips. There was nothing reassuring about that

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